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THE ELECTIONS.

THE return of Captain HAYTER for Bath has taken both the friends and the adversaries of the Government by surprise. Three elections have now been held at Bath within six months, and in the first the Conservatives had a decisive, and in the second a smaller, but still a clear majority. Now a Liberal has been returned by as great a majority as that by which the Conservative candidate was defeated at the last general election. It is a long time since the Ministry has had any crumb of comfort so satisfactory, for the Bath election has checked the tide of Conservative successes; it has shown that the divided Liberal party is once more capable of union, and it justifies to a considerable degree the resolution of the Government not to dissolve Parliament at present. Success is also always doubly pleasant to those who win when it happens to be peculiarly mortifying to those who lose; and the result of the Bath election has been made peculiarly unpleasant to the Conservatives by the fact that their triumph at Bath seemed to them so certain that it was taken by their leader as the theme of a party manifesto. Mr. DISRAELI has owed much of the success of his extraordinary career to his prudence, his patience, and his reticence. But for once he seems to have been unable to resist the feelings of elation with which the recent victories of his party have filled him, and in an evil hour he penned a letter to Lord GREY, the sitting Conservative member, which was as injudicious as it was possible that such a letter could be. It assumed a Conservative victory to be so absolutely certain that it characterized Bath as leading and sustaining public opinion, so that defeat was made at least as significant as success. It then went on to describe the career of the Ministry in a series of reckless epigrams, and ended by inventing what was intended to be the happy and stinging phrase of "plundering and blundering" as the special characteristics of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. It would have been impossible to devise any phrase better suited to determine the action of Liberal waverers. The two great measures of plundering to which it may be presumed Mr. DISRAELI referred are the Irish Church and Land Acts. Now, whether these Acts were bad or good in themselves, it is at any rate unmistakable that they were passed with the hearty support of the Liberal party. The whole party fought for them, believed in them, and carried them, and to speak of them now as examples of plundering was to stir the memories and awaken the indignation of all those who had taken the winning side in the fierce contest of five years ago. Blundering, as a term applied to the recent conduct of the Ministry, is not one with which most candid Liberals have any fault to find. It is the fatal series of blunders into which the Government has been betrayed that has more than anything else alienated from it the support of Liberal constituencies, and the Conservatives naturally received the benefit of the hope that, if they were in office, they might do better. But if "blundering" is a reproach to the leaders of a party, what greater instance of blundering could be wished for than the composition of Mr. DISRAELI's letter? If the Opposition are led by a politician who at a critical moment shows himself ready to sacrifice fairness and moderation to the pleasure of packing together sonorous epigrams, there seems little use in looking to the installation of the Opposition in office as a means of guarding the country against the danger of Ministerial blunders.

The vicissitudes of local politics are hard for strangers to understand, and it is very possible that Captain HAYTER might have won even if Mr. DISRAELI had not come to his

assistance. But just now, when the country is in an undecided and critical state, the effect of Mr. DISRAELI's letter will tell much beyond Bath, and will discredit his party even more than their failure to carry an election which they proclaimed to be won before a voter went to the poll. And it so happened that on the same day when Mr. DISRAELI's letter was published, Mr. BRIGHT also addressed the public through the electors of Birmingham, and his address was as judicious and sensible as Mr. DISRAELI's letter was injudicious and blundering. Beforehand, most people would have calculated that Mr. DISRAELI was sure to keep quiet and avoid any gross mistake, while Mr. BRIGHT might probably write something that would commit the Ministry and alarm the constituencies. Exactly the reverse has happened. While Mr. DISRAELI has done his best to damage himself and his party, Mr. BRIGHT has published an address dignified, moderate, and perfectly unobjectionable. He has steered clear of all dangerous matter. He has not gone over the grounds of the past services of the Ministry with which we are all so painfully familiar, and he has not made any indiscreet revelation of the intentions of the Ministry for the future. As it is because he has accepted office that he has to seek re-election, he has confined himself to explaining why he has accepted office, and his explanation is simply that he thinks he can do more good as a Minister than as a private member of Parliament. The main objection to a man of independent character and position accepting office is that he may chance to lose his independence; and Mr. BRIGHT meets this objection by saying that, if he finds any likelihood of this danger befalling him, he will immediately resign the office he has accepted. It is, as he justly puts it, a mere question of confidence between him and his constituents. They know what are his political principles, and he asks them to trust his judgment when he says that he can do good as a Minister, and his honesty when he says that he will only hold office while office costs him no sacrifice of principle. There is nothing wonderful or meritorious in a Minister using language which is so natural and even commonplace; but there are moments when to say nothing but what is natural and commonplace is the best means of winning public confidence and sympathy, and if "blundering" is to be the talk of the day, a Minister who can show himself capable of avoiding the slightest approach to a blunder may be rendering a conspicuous service to his party.

The fate of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is to be decided early next week, and it is possible that the Liberal success at Bath may do somewhat to produce a similar result at Taunton. At any rate Mr. JAMES speaks very hopefully of his chances, although he seems to be greatly vexed and harassed by the proceedings of certain females who agitate in favour of suffrage for women, and who have adopted the pernicious habit of calling on the wives of Taunton voters while their husbands are away, and informing them that they are slaves. Mr. JAMES is known to have very decided opinions against giving the suffrage to women, and he has done perhaps more than any one to render the project ridiculous in the eyes of the present House of Commons. He is therefore an object of peculiar detestation to these female agitators, and they are doing their very utmost to secure his defeat. He is well aware of their animosity, and knows that not only at Taunton, but everywhere else, they will work to keep him out of Parliament. But he has the proper courage and spirit to defy them, and to declare that he would rather lose ten elections than lend any countenance to a proposal which he considers dangerous and absurd. Nor is he at all afraid of openly challeng-

ing his enemies; and he had the boldness to describe them as women who, because they had been social failures, aspire to be political successes. We can only hope that his courage may be imitated by other Liberal candidates. At Hull Mr. REED, of Admiralty fame, has come forward as the Liberal candidate, but he does not seem to speak with much assurance of success. There is a local man who is terribly strong, and who wants to get into Parliament; and Mr. REED evidently thinks that the local magnate will win. On the score of courage there is little to complain of in Mr. REED. He will have nothing to do with the Permissive Bill, and although he thinks that the Nonconformists are in some way injured by the working of the Education Act, yet he is a zealous friend of the Church, for the benefit of which he has indeed in his pocket a private scheme of reform, the result of which is to be that all meritorious clergymen will rise to the top of the tree. Mr. REED appears to be in that elementary stage of political knowledge and thought in which there is a natural belief that every evil can be met with a prompt and easy remedy. Wise and good clergymen often remain unnoticed, and so Mr. REED immediately thinks that a plan may be devised to give them all the preferment they deserve to have. Mr. REED wishes to see the Income-tax abolished, but only on condition that it is replaced by a tax falling on exactly the same classes, and free from the objections to which the Income-tax is exposed; and he treats the discovery of this tax as the easiest thing in the world. He is also troubled by the thought of the sufferings and inconveniences caused by the high price of coal, but he thinks that the whole difficulty may be easily surmounted by the State buying up all the coal-mines and selling coals cheap. We must own that this is the kind of political talk that we have been accustomed to look for from the fair lips of those whom female agitators call "slaves," and we should not have thought that it was of a sufficiently masculine cast to make much impression on the electors of Hull. Mr. REED seems scarcely the candidate whom a party puts forward which expects to win; but then if, after all, he succeeds in defeating the great local Conservative, so much the more brilliant will be the Liberal success.

M. THIERS AND THE FUSION.

M. THIERS has at last assumed the leadership of the Republican party, and his letter to the Mayor of NANCY is his first move in the campaign against the Fusion. A single stinging sentence gives his estimate of the moral value of the Monarchical movement:—"Without any mandate, without any powers, without the presence of the Assembly, a few people are treating of the entire future of France—a future which it is proposed to decide almost without discussion, and above all without an appeal to the country, the party principally interested, and the sole legitimate sovereign." The Ministry and the Fusionist leaders are alike open to M. THIERS's censure; but they are open to it for different reasons. The latter may plead that they have no wish to anticipate the action of the Assembly, and that it was merely by an accident that the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf took place in the recess and not in the Session. But the Executive cannot clear themselves of the charge of endeavouring to influence the decision of the Assembly unfairly. They allow agitation in favour of a throne not yet in being, but they repress agitation in favour of the existing Republic. Royalists may say and write what they please, but the newspapers which report a speech of M. GAMBETTA's are forbidden to be sold in the streets, and the Republican journals are suppressed without mercy in the departments in which elections are approaching. The charge of wishing to decide the future of France without an appeal to the country holds good against the whole Monarchical party. Indeed, to state it in this way is to state it mildly. The Royalists are not simply bent upon dispensing with an appeal to the country; they are bent upon it because they know too well what the answer to the appeal would be. But for this conviction, they would naturally welcome a dissolution. If they could bring themselves to do this, they would at once shut the mouths of their adversaries. Not a word could be said against the projected Restoration if its promoters were willing to take the opinion of the constituencies, and to abide by the result of a general election. There can be no question that, if they

were not afraid of the verdict, they would willingly submit to this trial. Nor can there be much doubt that their unwillingness rests on well-grounded conviction. If they were only a Parliamentary party, having no special relations with the Executive, it might be set down to mere timidity. But though the Government of the Duke of BROGLIE is not avowedly aiming at a Restoration, it is sufficiently associated with those who have this object in view to put all its information at their disposal. If the Prefects had reported favourably of the dispositions of the constituencies towards the Count of CHAMBORD, we may be sure that the Royalist agitators would have heard of the fact. The real motive of the Royalist dislike of a dissolution is further shown by the unwillingness of the Conservative candidates for the four vacant seats which are to be filled up on the 12th of this month to declare themselves Monarchists. There is no reason to suppose that these four constituencies are specially Republican; on the contrary, the Royalists express themselves sanguine of success in every one of them. If a Restoration is popular in France, it is strange that no Conservative candidate should try to make capital for himself by frankly putting it forward as the end to which, if returned, all his efforts will be directed. Instead of this, their addresses are filled with the vague phrases about order, property, and resistance to Radicalism which were in fashion before the Conservative coalition of the 24th of May had developed into the Royalist Fusion. This strange abstinence from the one subject which occupies the thoughts of the nation is pretty significant of the estimate which the candidates and their backers have formed of the views of the constituencies whose confidence they solicit. The determination of the Royalists not to consult the country before revolutionizing the form of government supplies of itself sufficient justification for M. THIERS's assertion that the Republican party will soon be called upon to defend "not only the Republic, but all the rights of France." It is idle to apply the term Liberal or Constitutional to a Monarchy set up by an Assembly which dares not face those who elected it. What M. THIERS says of the Tricolour is equally true of Parliamentary forms. If they remain only to mask the counter revolution, they "would be the most odious and revolting of lies."

Happily for France, the conditions of the approaching contest between the Republicans and the Monarchs are determined by the character and position of Marshal MACMAHON. So long as he is President of the Republic the struggle will be fought out in the Parliamentary arena. The view which he takes of his duty to his country may be unduly narrow, but at all events it is thoroughly honest. A larger and more accurate conception of that duty might lead him to withhold his recognition from any change in the form of government which the Assembly may make until that change had been ratified by the electors. It is probable, however, that Marshal MACMAHON will not regard the competence of the Assembly as a matter which it is open to him to question. If the Assembly votes a Restoration, he may be expected to give effect to that vote just as he would give effect to any other. On the other hand, he may be trusted not to accept any Restoration which does not bear the stamp of the Assembly on its front. Consequently the decision rests upon the vote which to all appearance will certainly be taken early in November. Though it would be far more advantageous for the Republicans if the issue had to be decided in a new Assembly rather than in the present one, it is still a gain to them that it should be decided by the Assembly rather than in some less regular fashion. Outside the Assembly an unscrupulous Executive has virtually uncontrolled power; but, however resolved the Ministry may be to use their authority in the interest of the Monarchical conspiracy, they cannot exclude the Republican deputies from the tribune, nor, unless they are prepared to go to yet untried lengths in the direction of repression, can they prevent their speeches from being circulated through the country. In this way the electors will be kept informed of what is going on at Versailles, and, if they have reason to distrust the vote of their representatives, they will be able to bring timely pressure to bear upon them. There must be a good many members of the Assembly who would have no objection to a Restoration if they thought that it would not cause any decrease in their own importance. They probably foresee that one natural effect of the re-establishment of a legitimate and hereditary monarchy will be the resuscitation of a legitimate and hereditary aristocracy, and, if they are to hold their own in the presence of this

revival, it can only be by remaining members of the popular branch of the Legislature. If the fact that they voted for a Restoration is to be produced against them with fatal effect whenever they have next to face their constituents, it may turn out that they have played a losing game for themselves; and the fear of eventually making this discovery may have a decisive influence on their action in the division.

It is an immense gain to a Parliamentary party that it should be led by M. THIERS. His appearance as the leader of the Republicans will tend to influence the result of the contest, directly and indirectly. If parties should prove to be at all equally balanced, its direct influence may be very considerable. There are sure to be some genuine waverers in the Assembly; men who are honestly in doubt as to which way the interests of France require them to vote. France, they say to themselves, stands in urgent need of order and tranquillity, and the secure enjoyment of property; and these are exactly the good things which the Conservatives tell them must inevitably accompany a Restoration. When they listen to M. THIERS on this point, they will listen to a man who has actually given France order and tranquillity and the secure enjoyment of property, under circumstances which seemed to threaten the loss of all three. A statesman who has done this has earned the right to be heard on the question how these blessings can best be secured for the future. When he declares, as he does in his letter to the Mayor of NANCY, that the Republic is the only form of government capable of rallying widely divided political parties, and of speaking authoritatively to the democracy, and when he appeals, in proof of its power to do this, to similar triumphs already won under his guidance, he uses language that will come home to many moderate Conservatives. When these same views are expounded in the Assembly with that Parliamentary eloquence of which M. THIERS is almost the only master left in France, they may possibly win sufficient votes to turn the scale in favour of the Republic. The rumour that M. THIERS will use his great Parliamentary influence to support Marshal MACMAHON's continuance in office is probably true. We pointed out at the time of M. THIERS's resignation that there was great reason to suppose that he intended his abandonment of the office of President to be final. In his hands the post was an anomalous compound. M. THIERS was half a Constitutional King and half a Parliamentary Minister. The feeling of the Conservative party was against his sinking the former character in the latter, while his own feeling was still more decidedly against sinking the latter character in the former. Supposing that the Republic comes out victorious from the coming battle, the Duke of BROGLIE and his colleagues can hardly continue in office, and a Government in which Marshal MACMAHON remained President, and M. THIERS became Prime Minister, would go far to realize the ideal of a Conservative Republic.

THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION.

THE innumerable warnings and remonstrances which are every day evoked by the Ashantee expedition probably convey to those who are charged with the preparations some useful suggestions; but the general tone of the one-sided controversy is in the highest degree discouraging. In all practical and theoretical matters special knowledge, though it may be useful or even necessary, is neither sufficient nor exhaustive. After all the details which have been published, it may safely be taken for granted that the enterprise is not impracticable. In all ages of the world greater undertakings have been accomplished, for the most part with less abundant means. It would have been easy to prove beforehand that the retreat of the Ten Thousand or the conquest of Mexico was impossible, especially as both enterprises commenced without a commissariat in an utterly unknown country. In the present instance the Government and the military authorities seem to display commendable prudence and foresight in providing all material supplies with a liberality which is probably the soundest economy. There is no reason to believe that the preservation of the health of the troops, even on the coast of Africa, is beyond the reach of medical and sanitary science; and the force which will be collected at the seat of war will undoubtedly be more than a match for any number of barbarians. There never was a more absurd, or probably a less sincere, demand than the appeal to the

Government to hold an autumnal Session for the discussion of the war. In some cases it might be proper to consult Parliament on the expediency of a political rupture or of an aggressive campaign; but if the Government is fit to discharge the simplest duty, it is competent to determine that an attack on the national territory in any part of the world shall be effectively repelled. The House of Commons would properly avow its own incompetence to regulate the military and naval preparations which may be required; nor would even the Opposition speakers who affect to desire the convocation of Parliament commit the absurdity of superseding the responsibility of the proper administrative departments. A resolution that it was expedient to leave the Ashantees in the peaceable enjoyment of their recent conquests would scarcely receive the support even of the members who voted for Mr. RICHARD's motion in favour of arbitration. The Peace Society, which has naturally taken the opportunity of advertising its own continued existence, proposes no mode of dealing with a difficulty of which the existence can scarcely be denied.

If the unwelcome necessity of a war has arisen from errors of policy or administration, inquiry, and perhaps censure, would be strictly consistent with constitutional theory. Parliament, indeed, allowed the Dutch Treaty of Cession to be ratified without any expression of disapproval; but if the Government which negotiated the arrangement committed any mistake which has subsequently been discovered, it is right that those who alone were familiar with the details of the subject should, even after a formal sanction, be held responsible for their conduct. At present there is no proof that any proper precaution was omitted. The English Government refused to accept the transfer until the Dutch title was shown to be free from incumbrance. The King of ASHANTEE received formal notice that Elmina would be held by England in full sovereignty, and that the relations which might be implied by the payment of tribute could not be allowed to exist; but at the same time he was offered an annuity of double the amount which he had received from the Dutch authorities, and he was informed that his subjects would at all times be allowed free access to the coast. It was right that the condition of the tribes of the interior should not be injuriously affected by a territorial arrangement which suited the convenience of two European Governments; but it would be intolerable that a savage potentate should be allowed a veto on a proposed treaty between England and the Netherlands. That any change should cause irritation, or perhaps be thought to afford a safe opportunity for aggression, is perfectly intelligible. It is unlucky that the King of ASHANTEE's caprice or calculation should involve the English nation in trouble, risk, and expense; but it is a hasty conclusion that the more intelligent and more peaceable of two combatants must necessarily be in the wrong. The charges of cruelty and of other evil practices and propensities which are advanced by indignant partisans of the Government against the King of ASHANTEE are in the highest degree irrelevant to the merits of the quarrel; yet a potentate who, unless he is libelled, murders his subjects in large numbers on frivolous pretexts, may be supposed to have lax notions on questions of international law. It is only occasionally and indirectly the duty of civilized Powers to interfere by force for the correction and improvement of the manners of barbarians; but there is no reason for protesting against any moral lesson which may be incidentally administered during the process of asserting the right of self-defence.

It is premature to decide on the expediency of reducing the offending ruler to a condition of political dependence. As might be expected, the steady votaries of commonplace are already shocked at the possibility that victory might result in the establishment of a protectorate. It may be admitted that, as a general rule, it is not desirable to undertake fresh liabilities, but Indian experience has shown that it is sometimes necessary or politic to convert enemies into subjects. If all the princes of India were at the present moment theoretically and practically independent, the country would never be free from war. The *Roman Peace*, which conferred vast benefits on the world, is necessarily imitated by all Imperial nations. The confusion which now prevails in the Feejee Islands illustrates the difficulty of dealing with outlying subjects who have brought themselves into contact with turbulent savages. Notwithstanding the reluctance of the English Government for many years past to extend the national dominions, it is becoming more and more difficult to tolerate the anarchy which will apparently only be terminated by an assumption

of sovereignty. In spite of Peace Societies, and of constitutional pedantry, English traders and adventurers continue to find their way to every unoccupied portion of the world; and in their dealings with indigenous tribes they constantly inflict and suffer wrong. Their own Government is at last unwillingly compelled to discharge the corresponding functions of protection and coercion; and unless the backwardness of England makes room for the interference of the United States, the islands will within a few years almost certainly become a part of the Colonial Empire. The traders on the Gold Coast have an older and a stronger claim to the good offices of the English Government; and even if the settlements were abandoned in consequence of the Ashantee invasion, the same traders or their successors would in a short time renew their demand for protection. The commercial capabilities of the coast, whether or not they are worth the expense of occasional wars, are found by experience sufficient to tempt commercial adventure. The question of defending English interests cannot be decided by a mere calculation of loss and gain.

In one sense it may be considered an advantage that the campaign will necessarily be short. The English troops must leave the country early in the spring, before the hotter season commences. By that time it may be hoped that a decisive blow will have been struck, and the organization of native levies will probably be complete. It is not yet known whether the Government intends to despatch any force from India, where there are some irregular native troops which possess a special aptitude for fighting in the bush. It is but too certain that, with or without a successful result, the expedition will be costly. All modern improvements in the art of warfare tend to increase expense, while they greatly add to the superiority of civilized nations over savages. The Russians, who possess an enormous army, thought it prudent, notwithstanding the comparative scantiness of their financial resources, to make the most elaborate preparations of all kinds for the invasion of Khiva. The complete accomplishment of their enterprise at the first attempt was abundant compensation for the preliminary outlay. The House of Commons has never refused or grudged supplies which are required for the maintenance of the national honour; but any waste which may have been committed will be properly criticized when it becomes necessary to provide for the expenses of the war. If Parliament had been consulted beforehand, the Government would have been enjoined to take every precaution for the health and comfort of the troops. It is now fully understood that since, of all stores and munitions of war, the most expensive as well as the most valuable is the soldier himself, economy of life is the best exercise of frugality. There are indeed satisfactory indications that anxiety for the preservation of life has not become more prevalent in the army itself than in former times. The troops which have been selected for the expedition are probably glad to vary the monotony of peace, and if all the officers employed had suddenly been disabled, there would have been no difficulty in supplying their places ten times over with eager volunteers. The war is a disagreeable accident; but there is at present no reason to regard it in a lugubrious or desponding spirit. Since the check which they first received the Ashantees have ventured on no further attack, although they might have been encouraged by the unfortunate incident on the Prah.

THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

After a lapse of nearly three years from the surrender of Metz, the trial of Marshal BAZAINE has at last begun. It is an event of extreme importance, both in the history and the politics of France. From the first day when the news of the surrender reached those who were engaged in organizing the war of defence, the cry of treachery was heard. That an army of upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand men, comprising the flower of the French troops, should have been shut up in a fortress for two months without making any serious attempt to escape was said to be perfectly unaccountable, except on the supposition that the General to whom its destinies had been confided had proved unfaithful to his trust. But, as every French General was immediately accused of treachery as soon as he had undergone a reverse, no great attention was paid outside France to the imputations cast on the honour of Marshal BAZAINE. If it was difficult to account for his inactivity,

it was still more difficult to believe that he had sacrificed his country to any unworthy motives. There was, however, ample ground for making an inquiry into his conduct, apart from any suspicions of his fidelity; and the Government of M. THIERS was acting strictly within the line of its duty when it ordered such an inquiry to be made. A Commission was appointed to receive and report on all the evidence that could be discovered, either in condemnation or defence of the Marshal. The Report at which the Commission arrived is in the highest degree unfavourable to the accused. Marshal BAZAINE is stated, in the first place, to have never made any serious use of the means at his command to get his army away from Metz before the investment began. In the next place, he is accused of having refused to associate himself with the efforts of those who were devoting themselves to carrying on the war, because he preferred to arrange with the enemy a scheme for an Imperial restoration. Lastly, it is alleged that he capitulated on terms needlessly humiliating, and without any thought for the honour of his troops and his country. These are most serious accusations, made as they are after deliberate inquiry, by the mouth of a general officer; and it is obvious that, if the assertion contained in the Report that, had it not been for BAZAINE, Lorraine might still be French, is shown to be justified by satisfactory evidence, the taunt which has recently proceeded so frequently from the lips of Monarchical partisans, that the war was prolonged blindly and without hope, will henceforth lose almost all its sting.

BAZINE was made Commander-in-Chief on the 12th of August, and in accordance with the views of the EMPEROR and the Imperial Ministry he proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for transporting his army to Châlons in order to cover Paris. He failed, and the causes of his failure are, according to the Report, to be found in his extreme incapacity, and in his having conceived a secret design not to quit Metz at all. As instances of his incapacity, it is stated that he took no adequate measures to transport his army over the Moselle; that, after the battle of the 16th, he failed to push on towards Verdun, because, as he then said, his men were without provisions, whereas he now owns that there were provisions enough if they had been properly distributed; that he sacrificed CANROBERT on the 18th by leaving him without support in presence of superior numbers, and that in the great battle of the 18th he entirely neglected his duty, and scarcely went near the field of battle at all. With regard to these charges of incapacity, it may be remarked that they will be very hard to prove, and that, even if they were established, all that would be shown would be that BAZAINE was about on a level with the other French commanders in the war. The charge of his having all along intended to stay at Metz, and of having purposely deceived the EMPEROR and MACMAHON, and thus led indirectly to the disaster of Sedan, is a much more serious one; but it is not very easy to understand either the precise nature of the design attributed to him, or the means which it is supposed he took to carry it out. The Report seems to suggest that BAZAINE intrigued through his wife for the supreme command, and that then, when he had attained the position he desired, he wished to use it so as to make himself independent alike of the EMPEROR and the Government, and to be able to decide alone as to the mode in which the war should be carried on. The Report also states, in a tone of very positive assertion, that he endeavoured to conceal and carry out this design by withholding necessary information, by ignoring despatches which he received, by treacherously intercepting his own despatches before they reached MACMAHON, and by trying to create a belief, which was totally unfounded in fact, that it was impossible for the bearers of despatches to get to him at Metz. It is true that he obtained in the last days of August the assent of a Council of War which he called together to his resolution to remain for the moment under the shelter of Metz; but it is stated in the Report that he concealed from this Council his knowledge of the important fact that MACMAHON had already started on the dangerous expedition which it was hoped would end in the junction of the two armies. We must own that this part of the Report, apart from the evidence by which it was to be substantiated, is not very convincing; it reads like all French indictments, as if it were drawn on the principle that, if there is good reason for suspecting a man of a crime, the proper thing in order to present the case fairly to a tribunal is to portray him as having been engaged from his earliest years in

a steady career of the blackest villainy. The story of BAZAINE's doings during the month of August seems quite as compatible with the theory that his errors were those of a second-rate man blundering and purposeless in face of extraordinary difficulties, as with the suggestion that he was a dark and mysterious schemer, having selfish purposes of his own, and sacrificing every one in order to attain the end he proposed.

The real gist of the accusation against BAZAINE lies, however, not in what he did before Sedan, but in what he did after Sedan had led to the downfall of the Empire, and to the substitution of a Government which he distrusted and despised. He did not, it is alleged, in any way co-operate with those who were carrying on the war; he gave them no information as to his position, he suggested no general scheme of attack or defence. He remained, in fact, in a state of complete isolation and complete inactivity. For the evil consequences that thence ensued the Report holds him exclusively and absolutely responsible. It is alleged that, as several examples show, it was perfectly easy to get in and out of Metz; and it is even said that the Marshal might have got new stores of provisions if he would but have condescended to use the aid of the Republican Government in procuring them. The old vexed question as to the possibility of effectual sorties being made is once more raised, and is of course decided against the Marshal. The view of the Report is simply that he did not get out because he wished to stay in; and this brings us to the really important charge which, if proved, will justly subject him to severe punishment and condemn his name to perpetual infamy; but which, if disproved, will render the substantiation of other charges against him comparatively unimportant. The precise accusation against him is, that he purposely deprived France of the services of its one remaining army, in order that, in concert with the enemy, he might make this army the means of crushing the opponents of the Empire, resuscitating the Imperial Government, and thus providing the Germans with the means of readily negotiating the terms of peace. In other words, it is alleged that BAZAINE wished to close a foreign war at the cost of any humiliation, in order that he might carry a civil war to the issue which he fancied would best suit him.

There is no doubt that the mysterious M. REGNIER was, with the concurrence or connivance of the Germans, entrusted by BAZAINE with a mission, the object of which was to learn how far the EMPRESS would countenance some project of negotiating terms independently of the Republican Government, and that the scheme fell through as soon as it was found she would have nothing to do with it. But it must make much difference in the mode in which BAZAINE's conduct is to be regarded whether it is true or false that he had no means of knowing what steps were being taken in other parts of France to prolong the war, and whether he honestly believed an effective sortie to be possible, or whether, with a perfect power of getting out when he pleased, he only pretended to make sorties in order to conceal the treachery he was meditating. It may be suspected that it will be very difficult to establish to the satisfaction of military judges that a successful sortie on a scale sufficient to release the bulk of BAZAINE's army could have been made after the lines of investment had once been formed. Before that date BAZAINE might perhaps have cut his way out with a large sacrifice of men and material; but the truth probably is that both BAZAINE and his army were too much disheartened by finding how great was the numerical superiority of the enemy to be fit for any great effort soon after the exhausting battle of the 18th. After he had given up all hope of success in his negotiations and in his attempts to escape, BAZAINE turned his thoughts to the melancholy necessity of capitulating, and the third head of the charges against him is that which refers to the time and the mode of his capitulation. What is principally urged against him is, that he did not destroy the materials of war in the place, and that, instead of burning the flags, he allowed a large number of them to pass into the hands of the enemy. It is clear from the manner in which the part of the Report dealing with these matters is drawn, that, with regard to the details of the capitulation, a great amount of evidence adverse to the Marshal will be forthcoming; but although, according to the rules of the service, neglect of duty in regard to the terms of capitulation may render a commander liable to

punishment, every one will know that in the great trial of Marshal BAZAINE questions as to his inactivity in August, and his neglect to destroy guns and flags when he was capitulating, are merely subsidiary, and that the real issue to be tried is whether the Marshal left the Republican armies to perish in order that, with the assistance of the foreigner, he might bring home in triumph the dynasty of NAPOLEON.

HOME RULE.

THE revival of the clamour for Repeal, under the name of Home Rule, is likely to be not less troublesome than the original agitation. Mr. BUTT is a less formidable and less crafty demagogue than O'CONNELL; but he has the advantage of living in a generation which is tolerant, through familiarity, of every kind of seditious innovation. Although the Liberal party was, before and after the passing of the Emancipation Act, closely allied with the Irish Catholics, no English candidate thought in those days that his interests would be promoted by an avowal of his readiness to submit to the disruption of the Empire. It is true that before the establishment of household suffrage Irish voters in Dewsbury and other Northern boroughs were few in number; but there is reason to believe that political laxity has become more common in the course of forty years. It was never exactly known whether O'CONNELL was in earnest; and Mr. BUTT's real aspirations are not less doubtful; but English politicians in the days which followed the first Reform Bill never professed to make the existence of the United Kingdom an open question. As one of the rank and file of the Ministerial majority, Serjeant SIMON probably indicates the tendencies of some of his colleagues; and the section of Conservatives which bids for popularity against the Government by adopting the doctrine of household suffrage in counties would not be incapable of applying similar tactics to the agitation for Home Rule. It is difficult to convince factious partisans that narrow cunning is for the most part incompatible, not only with wisdom, but with selfish prudence. When Home Rule becomes a prominent question, there can happily be no doubt of the popular feeling which will prevail in England and Scotland. Mr. BUTT is too sanguine if he believes that the English democracy will sympathize with his demands. If the working class should hereafter acquire the control of national policy, its representatives will not be in a hurry to proclaim that they are less patriotic than their predecessors. In the Northern manufacturing towns the Irish are, with or without fault of their own, not regarded with general favour; and candidates who bid high for their votes will run the risk of alienating the majority. There is indeed no ab surder paradox than the proposal of Mr. BUTT and his fellow-agitators that English elections should be decided by Irish voters for the purpose of promoting total or partial separation of the two parts of the kingdom. The constant migration from Ireland to England would alone justify the maintenance of the Union.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy has, for sufficient reasons, hitherto abstained from identifying itself with the movement for Home Rule. At the last general election some bishops and priests gave active, and even scandalous, aid to Repeal candidates; but their motives were apparently accidental or local; and it was not known that they were acting under the direction of any central authority. The fact that the conduct of the agitation has been hitherto entrusted to a Protestant sufficiently proves that it has not yet assumed a clerical character. The most fulsome compliments will never induce bishops and cardinals to repose confidence in a heretic who cannot even affect to admit the validity of their pretensions. The late declaration of the Bishop and clergy of Cloyne seems to imply that the Roman Catholic priests think that it will be more to their interest to adopt the demand for Home Rule than to risk the loss of their popularity. The ambiguous and commonplace letter of Archbishop MACHALE is less significant because the aged prelate has always been a Repeater of the school of O'CONNELL. His national passions and prejudices have always deprived him of the perfect confidence of Rome; and he may probably have resented the preference of a rival who had been trained in Italy for the service of the Holy See. The decision of the hierarchy will remain doubtful until Cardinal CULLEN has spoken; but it is scarcely probable that the Bishop of CLOYNE would have acted without his sanction. The policy of the

Roman Catholic Church will be determined by a calculation of the chances of the coming election. The Ballot has greatly weakened the power of the clergy; and if it is thought that Home Rule candidates are likely to succeed, it may be thought prudent to anticipate and avoid defeat by conforming beforehand to the opinion of the constituencies. If Cardinal CULLEN and those with whom he takes counsel were entirely free agents, they would scarcely plunge into the uncertainty which would result from separation. At present they enjoy both the protection of the Imperial Government and the popularity which is earned by ostensible resistance to English supremacy. In an Irish Republic, which would be the only possible result of Repeal, the clergy might be exposed to the fate of their order in Spain. Modern Irish agitators are more likely to look to America or to revolutionary France for precedents than to acknowledge the paramount claim of the Church to political obedience.

It is possible that the more prudent leaders of the clergy may foresee a double danger in a policy which they nevertheless prefer on a calculation of the balance of expediency. If their alliance were to ensure the success of the movement for Home Rule, the victory might perhaps prove to be suicidal; and, on the other hand, the accession of the clergy to the agitation will render it more than ever unpopular in England, by connecting the demand for separation with claims of ecclesiastical supremacy. The secular agitators already betray uneasiness at the prospect of merging their organization in a new confederation. Mr. BUTT asserts that he has always regarded the efforts of the Home Rule Association as preparatory and provisional, and that he gladly accepts the assistance of a revered and national hierarchy. Some of his associates express more candidly their distrust of a body of allies which has never in any part of Catholic Christendom heartily devoted itself to any object unconnected with its own separate aggrandizement. The Repeal party under O'CONNELL was avowedly Catholic, and the leader was sufficiently powerful to influence the clergy in his turn while he enjoyed their unbounded confidence. Mr. BUTT will necessarily be superseded if the bishops obtain the control of the movement, nor will they continue to promote it if their predominance is disputed. One consequence of their adhesion will be the inevitable abandonment of all attempts to effect a compromise with the Irish Protestants. The Orangemen, as well as the more moderate Protestants, have, greatly to their credit, hitherto refused to countenance projects of separation. Their repugnance to Home Rule will become still stronger if they have reason to regard it as a preparation for Roman Catholic supremacy. Mr. BUTT's English democracy is much more likely to entertain an exaggerated prejudice against a cause advocated by the priests than to listen to the blandishments of Home Rule agitators. The demagogues are at present in an embarrassing dilemma. Without the aid of the clergy they can scarcely claim to represent popular opinion; and nevertheless they know that the priests dislike them, and profoundly distrust their designs. The two factions which are in unequal degrees hostile to English rule have no other motive or purpose in common.

Proposals to buy off Irish disaffection by petty concessions are as childish as Lord RUSSELL's proposal for the establishment of four little Parliaments in the respective provinces. The Home Rule agitators have used as a plausible argument for their scheme the alleged cost and inconvenience to railway promoters of attending before Committees of Parliament in London. Only the simplest of mankind can believe that they would be in any degree conciliated by the adoption of a project for the consideration of private Bills by Committees of Irish peers and members in Dublin. The expense might perhaps be slightly diminished, while the risk of jobs would be greatly aggravated; but if such an arrangement were really desired by those whom it would practically concern, it would not be worth while to object to the experiment, if it could be tried at a fitter season. In the present state of things it is evident that the institution of a Parliamentary Committee in Ireland would be represented by the demagogues both as the admission of a grievance and as a proof that indigenous legislation was harmless and practicable. It would scarcely be a compliment to Mr. BUTT to accept seriously his declarations that simple Repeal, or the establishment of an Irish Parliament for local purposes, would satisfy the wishes of those whom he professes to represent. The numerical force on which he relies for success at the next election consists not of Home Rulers, but of Fenians, who

would be as hostile to the Imperial connexion after the repeal of the Union as before they had a Parliament of their own which might seem to render the existence of a common Legislature superfluous. The independence of Ireland as it existed for only sixteen or seventeen years during the whole course of history ended in a disastrous rebellion. A federal constitution, even if it were durable in itself, would only stimulate the demand for total disruption. Even if it were possible that separation could be peaceably effected, oppressed parties would soon appeal to England for protection, and not without success. It is much better that the Union should be preserved than that it should be re-established by force.

TENANT-RIGHT FALLACIES.

THE Social Science Association was nearly tempted into a deviation from its proper functions when one of its Sections engaged in a discussion on tenant right. According to the theory of the Association as interpreted by its practice, social science includes only those subjects which are from their nature not susceptible of scientific inquiry; yet some of Mr. HOWARD's propositions are so demonstrably fallacious that they almost rise to the rank of scientific errors. He is perfectly justified in citing as authorities in support of his opinions the Chambers of Agriculture in which tenant-farmers always form the majority. It would be strange if any class objected to proposals of legislation in its own favour. It might perhaps be possible to extend without violation of the rights of property the security which is in almost all parts of the country afforded to the outgoing tenant by local custom. Unexhausted manures, drains constructed by the occupier and left in working order, and other investments of capital which might be easily enumerated, as they equitably belong to the tenant, ought not to be appropriated without compensation by the owner. The cases in which injustice of this kind is committed are few; and, where a reasonable custom of the country forms a part of the contract between landlord and tenant, sufficient security against wrong is already provided. There are large districts in which the landlord executes the minutest repairs, as well as the more permanent improvements, and where the use of artificial manures is exceptional. Soon after the last general election some farmers in Wales attempted an agitation for fixity of tenure which was certainly not justified by their habits of investing capital in the land. Unless the right to compensation at the determination of tenancies were strictly defined, it would become an instrument of intolerable oppression. None of the speakers at Norwich, except Mr. HERON, who represented the extreme Irish view of tenant right, openly advocated fixity of tenure or a right of compensation for mere disturbance; but the same object would be indirectly attained if a change of tenancy were rendered so burdensome and perilous to the landowner that he would be habitually deterred from exercising his right.

It would be unreasonable as well as discourteous to doubt Mr. HOWARD's assertion that he demands legislative interference for the public good rather than for the benefit of the tenant, or for the sake of injury or advantage to the landlord; but, in dissociating himself from his natural clients, he infringes the fundamental principles of political economy. It is not the business of Parliament to direct, if it were possible, the application of capital to the improvement of land; and if the experiment were legitimate, Mr. HOWARD's anticipations seem to be extravagant and chimerical. If, according to Mr. HOWARD, the whole country were brought up to the standard of a model farm in Norfolk, the produce of meat in Great Britain would amount to 150,000,000*l.* a year. In another calculation Mr. HOWARD estimates the possible increase of agricultural products at 100,000,000*l.* a year. Large figures are always suspicious; and it is equally impossible to admit or to deny the accuracy of a conjectural estimate, though it is absurd to suppose that by the most unbounded outlay the sands of Surrey or the hills of Wales could be made as fertile as the best soils of the Eastern counties. It is well known that high farming answers best on the richest land; and that consequently an enterprising tenant would, if he had the choice, prefer land worth 4*l.* an acre to ordinary arable or pasture. Mr. HOWARD himself produces on his farms a net return from the sale of meat of 5*l.* per acre; and it may be presumed that his skill and judgment enable him to farm at a

reasonable profit. On barren soils a similar production would cost much more than it would be worth. To realize Mr. HOWARD's hundred millions a year, it would be necessary to divert from other occupations at least a thousand millions of capital; and it is not self-evident that the transfer would be advantageous either to capitalists or to the community. If twenty per cent. can be made by spinning cotton, and only ten per cent. by putting artificial manures on land, self-interest coincides with public utility in preferring the more abundant return. It must be remembered that Mr. HOWARD's imaginary increase of fertility is to be obtained exclusively by the application of new capital to the land; and it is notorious that the rate of profit decreases as cultivation becomes more and more artificial, and especially as it affects less fertile soils. There can be no doubt that the land might be rendered more productive by the extension of drainage; but in general the process would cost more than 10*l.* per acre, so that the improvement would be unprofitable unless it added at least 10*s.* to the renting value. The author of the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords enumerated, with a kind of sarcastic humour, the numerous exceptions to the proposition that drains improve the land. Mr. HOWARD seems to assume that in every case every outlay of capital is both conducive to fertility and adequately remunerative.

To establish the necessity of legislation, it must be proved not that crops or stock might possibly be increased in amount, but that artificial obstacles to profitable cultivation are at present interposed by the law of land tenure. There are a few small districts in Northern Europe where the gross produce of land is greater than in England; but there is no part of the world, which can be fairly compared to England in soil and climate, where the proportion of agricultural produce to the labour employed is nearly as large. The spade will in general produce larger crops than the plough; but on the whole horses are cheaper than men, and steam is, under favourable conditions, cheaper than horses. Mr. HOWARD, who both preaches and practises scientific farming, is not likely to prefer the cottier tenancies of Ireland or of Flanders, or the petty freeholds of France, to the great manufactories of grain and stock which thrive in Norfolk, in Lincolnshire, and in Northumberland; but if he persists in judging of the system of land tenure by the difference between the actual gross produce of the soil and the crops which might possibly be raised, he will find it difficult to resist the revolutionary schemes of Mr. ARCH and his associates. It is necessary to his contention to devise some argument against freedom of contract, and consequently he remarks that applicants for farms are not on equal terms with landowners who possess a monopoly of the soil. The man who wants to hire a farm "has only the freedom of refusing the farm of which, after great efforts, he may have succeeded in obtaining the offer, and which perhaps a score of his neighbours stand ready to take, no matter what may be the conditions imposed, if the rent is not too exorbitant." If the usual conditions of tenancy are unjust to the occupier, it is strange that there should be an eager competition for the opportunity of engaging in a losing business. Mr. HOWARD, in fact, underestimates the eagerness to obtain farms in the best districts, as, for instance, in Norfolk, where it is not unusual to have eighty or a hundred applicants for a vacant farm. The struggle proves that there is a valuable property which may be called a monopoly, and which would still be the subject of bargain and sale if the rights of the actual owners were transferred to new possessors or limited by operation of law. Mr. READ, in the course of the discussion, justly denounced "the silly custom of payment for good-will," or of tenant-right as it prevails in Ulster. If tenant-farmers were to receive a gratuitous boon from the Legislature at the expense of their landlords, they would deal with it as with any other kind of property. The concession of Mr. HOWARD's demands, as far as they are reasonable, would produce an insignificant result; but if he proposes to abolish monopoly, or, in other words, landed property, it is not easy to estimate the magnitude or to determine the tendency of the change. It is improbable that Mr. HOWARD's expectation of a great increase of production would be confirmed by the result. Tenant-farmers who support his proposals of legislative interference are more solicitous to enlarge their own interests in the land than to add hundreds of millions on their own risk to the supply of food for the nation. Their enthusiasm for new experiments is not unlikely to be checked by the formidable agitation which has

lately been promoted among their own labourers. Demands for Parliamentary meddling with the relations of capital and labour have caused well-founded alarm. There is not the smallest reason for believing in the existence of the dukes and lords who are supposed to have told Mr. ARCH that they would combine for hostile purposes against the labourers. The farmers have much more to fear from the Unions than from their landlords.

MILK AND COALS.

THREE is an extension of the co-operative principle which has long been urgently required, and which, in the present exasperated temper of the public, has perhaps some chance of being carried out. A co-operative association for the purpose of prosecuting fraudulent tradesmen would evidently have a large field open to it. Numerous Acts of Parliament of all sorts are passed from time to time for the protection of the public; but experience has shown that Acts of Parliament are of very little value, unless the public is ready to employ them in its own defence. The statute-book supplies a fine armoury of weapons; but unfortunately there is seldom anybody willing to make use of them, and so they rust on the rack. It would appear that people must be very ill-used indeed before they will stir a finger on their own behalf; and of course the cheats are encouraged by the impunity with which they are practically enabled to perpetrate their robberies. Just now the public, worried beyond endurance, has fairly turned at bay, and is tossing milkmen and goring coal-dealers in all directions. The fit of revenge is a very wholesome one, but it is to be feared that it will soon exhaust itself. What is wanted is the systematic prosecution of all fraudulent retailers in cold blood from day to day. A great co-operative prosecuting association, with ample funds and a good staff of standing counsel, attorneys, and analysts, would be of service not merely by securing the actual punishment of offenders, but by the general terror which it would inspire. Nothing would be so likely to keep down this sort of knavery as to have always a rogue on the spit for the edification of his fellows.

In the meanwhile we are glad to observe that people are at length being stirred up to take care of themselves. All the depredations of the ordinary criminal classes who pick pockets, break into houses, and steal and rob in other ways, are, measured by money, a mere flea-bite compared with the constant, steady, business-like spoliation practised by fraudulent tradesmen. On Wednesday there were no fewer than seven charges against milk-sellers in the police-courts; and the magistrates inflicted fines varying from 8*s.* to 10*l.* (in each instance with costs) according to the extent of the adulterations. In the worst case the so-called milk contained 80 per cent. of water; in other cases the water was 40, 50, and 67 per cent. of the whole quantity. One of the milk-sellers pleaded, through his solicitor, that the milk was adulterated by his men without his knowledge, that it was adulterated in the country before it came to him, and that it was notorious that pure milk could not be sold for fourpence a quart; but this ingenious variety of plea did not save him. An official trade circular which has just been issued explains that many milkmen have hitherto been acting on the principle that they could obtain a larger profit "by the dilution or abstraction of cream than by charging an advance which was sometimes resisted"; and asks the public whether they will "hold out a premium to fraud and dishonesty by paying an insufficient price for an article which deceives them and disgraces the trade." It might be observed that it is rather difficult to say what is a sufficient price for a deceptive and disgraceful article; but we are more concerned to note the admission that this is the sort of article which has hitherto been sold, and for which the dairy-men now profess to be anxious to substitute genuine milk, if their customers will only agree to the increase of price. As one of them said at a recent meeting, "the public surely would not begrudge an extra penny per quart if they got good milk in return." The question, however, is not what is a fair price for milk—as to that the dairy-men are clearly entitled to form, and as far as they can to enforce, their own opinion—but whether dairy-men have a right to sell under the name of milk anything which is not milk. The recent Adulteration Act and the prosecutions arising out of it have settled this question, and the dairy-men may be left to seek redress in their own way. As long as they supply real milk, they have a perfect right to

charge their own price for it, and economical housewives who resent the higher price can easily adjust the balance for themselves by watering down the milk to its former level.

There is a significant similarity in the arguments by which the dairymen and the coal-dealers seek to justify their dishonest practices. Their plea is simply this—that, if they cannot afford to sell a genuine article at a particular price, they are entitled to sell anything else that comes to hand in place of the genuine article. The purchaser is supposed to be bound to know what is a fair price for pure milk or real coals, and if he buys anything under that price he has no right to complain, though it should turn out to be water or slates. One of the police-magistrates was weak enough to be misled by this argument, and told a man who complained that what had been sold to him as Wallsend coal was worthless rubbish which would hardly burn at all, that he could not expect to get Wallsend coal at the price he paid, and had no right to redress. The man might have replied that he had at least a right to expect something that would burn, whether Wallsend or not. We are happy to see that other magistrates have steered clear of this dangerous ground. In the first place, it is difficult, and in some cases impossible, for the purchaser who knows nothing professionally about coals to say what is a fair price for a particular quality; and, in the second place, it is not part of the duty of a police-magistrate in these days to fix the price of coal or of anything else. His task is of a more simple nature. He has only to look at the terms of the offer made by the seller, and at the article actually supplied, and to decide how far they agree. This is the common-sense view of the matter which has been taken by Mr. NEWTON in the case of Mr. W. E. BATLEY, of the Newcastle Colliery Owners' Coal Company, Great Portland Street. This gentleman is an advertising coal-dealer, and he has now been advertised as much as he could desire. Mr. BATLEY inserted in the newspapers an announcement that "The Newcastle Colliery Owners are selling 'their celebrated Wallsend at 28s., which are the best burning coals in the world. Weight and quality guaranteed.' Mr. H. BARTLETT, a consulting analyst, bought a ton and a half of these coals on the faith of this advertisement; but his servant complained of them, and on examination he found that they were of very inferior quality. The magistrate therefore ordered Mr. BATLEY to pay a fine of 10l. and costs. This is the second fine which Mr. BATLEY has had to pay. In a former case it was pleaded on his behalf that he had done 'only what other tradesmen did,' but Mr. NEWTON remarked that this had nothing to do with the question, which was simply whether he had sold bad coals for good. He added that from letters and other communications he had ascertained that the defendant had plundered the public for a long time, but he hoped they would now know what remedy they had. If Mr. BATLEY has been doing a good trade in this class of coals, and if many of his customers appeal to Mr. NEWTON, his transactions will hardly turn out very profitable. In a case before Sir R. CARDEN at Guildhall it was shown that Messrs. RICHARD SMITH and Co.—a firm carefully to be distinguished from RICKETT, SMITH and Co.—advertised that "the cheapest coal the world produces is the New Main Wallsend at 30s.; no ash or 'slates.'" A City police-constable bought some of them, and stated that there were about six sacks of dust and slag to about four of coal, and that the fuel burned with a slatey white ash. It was acknowledged that the coals were bad, but it was urged that it was not Messrs. SMITH's fault, as the coals were sent from another wharf and they never saw them. Sir R. CARDEN said the advertisement contained a series of falsehoods, and imposed a fine of 5l., or one month's imprisonment.

It cannot be said that in regard to frauds of this class the Legislature has neglected to make proper provision for the protection of the public. Transactions between coal-dealers and their customers are placed under statutory regulations which are quite as minute and specific as those relating to cabs. The carman who delivers the coals is required, before he begins to unload, to give the purchaser a ticket "describing the quantity, and, if any particular 'sort is ordered or contracted for, the sort, of the coals sent 'by the seller.' He is bound to carry scales and weights, and to weigh coals on the demand of the receiver. If he refuses to do so, or obstructs the weighing, he is liable to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds. It is impossible to

imagine anything more which could be done by legislative enactment to prevent people who buy coals from being cheated by the dealers, short of sending round a Government officer with every cart to compel the householder to put in force the provisions of the law for his own protection. The coal-dealer is bound to render an invoice containing full particulars, which may afterwards be used against him, and he is also bound to satisfy his customers that he is giving good measure. He is liable to a heavy fine if he neglects to send a weighing-machine with each coal-waggon; and if there is any deficiency in quantity or quality the customer can either refuse to receive the coals or seek redress at the police-court. Yet how often is any use made of these regulations? As a rule, the customer is content to send one of his servants to count the empty sacks, and if the number is all right he is satisfied; but it is a common trick among knavish carmen, with or without the connivance of their employers, to bring one or two empty sacks with them which are slipped into the heap when nobody is looking. If people object to be cheated, they should make a rule of always counting the full sacks in the waggon, of having one or two sacks weighed, and of appointing some one to see that the contents of each sack are duly discharged into the coal-cellars. All this of course involves trouble, and there are people silly enough to think that it looks mean; but people who will not take a little trouble on their own account, and who are afraid to be thought mean because they insist upon getting what they have paid for, must just make up their minds to be plundered, and deserve no pity. The same observations apply to the sale of milk. Nothing can be simpler than to measure the quantity supplied by pouring it into a jug of known capacity when it is delivered, nor is there any difficulty in testing the quality of the milk. The addition of water changes not only the taste but the colour of the liquid, and its density also supplies an indication of dilution. Under the Adulteration Act, application can be made to special officers to test the quality of suspected milk; and the magistrates have shown, in the case both of the dairymen and of the coal-dealers, that they are quite ready to deal sharply with all tradesmen who are convicted of fraud. There can be no doubt that the laziness and carelessness of the public are mainly responsible for the large amount of dishonesty which is constantly practised. If people would only make up their minds to insist upon receiving good quality, and fair quantity, and would avail themselves of the means of protection furnished by law, it would lead to a vast saving of money, as well as to an improvement in the standard of commercial morality.

THE CLERGY AND STRIKES.

IT is natural that the clergy, as they have been attacked so bitterly for not espousing the cause of the agricultural labourer against the farmer in the recent strikes, should wish to be heard in their own defence. The Bishop of OXFORD stated the case with great clearness and moderation at the meeting of the Church Congress at Bath. He thinks it rather hard that he should be called an "Episcopal 'scoundrel," and accused of crimes which "the *Newgate Calendar* cannot equal," merely because he does not see his way to interpose between a farmer and his men when they happen to quarrel about wages. And he gives several obvious reasons why the clergy had better not attempt to arbitrate in these disputes—in the first place, because they have not the requisite knowledge; next, because neither farmers nor labourers have consented to abide by their decision; and, thirdly, because interference of this kind does not lie within the proper functions of the Church. Bishop MACKARNESS holds that in such a case a strict impartiality is the clergyman's wisest, indeed his only, course. The business of the Church, he says, is not to help agricultural labourers to better wages, or farmers to larger profits, but to remind each side that their duties to one another are not bounded by a mere question of so much wages for so much work, and to preach kindness, charity, and the Christian doctrine of mutual dependence and reciprocal obligation. The Bishop frankly acknowledges that the clergy have not always done as much as they should have done in these respects. More systematic efforts should have been made to civilize and elevate the labourer, on the one hand, and, on the other, to teach his social superiors humility and consideration for those below them. Impartial and reasonable people will, we

should think, be disposed to agree with the Bishop in his view of the manner in which the clergy can deal most usefully with these disputes. It is unfortunate that masters and men cannot come to terms without flying into a violent passion with each other, and assuming that there must be wickedness in not looking at the question exactly from their particular point of view. It is obvious, however, that if the clergy were to take to preaching sermons for or against an increase of wages or reduction of the hours of labour, they would only be adding fuel to the flame. "On the other hand, if they can only moderate the passions which have been aroused, and impress on each side that the other side has something to say for itself, they may help materially to bring about a satisfactory agreement. The Bishop, however, has not been so fortunate as to please the *Daily Telegraph*. That journal is shocked at this "astonishing conception" of the duty of a Christian Church, and can hardly refrain from "an exclamation of 'absolute horror.'" It denounces the Bishop's remarks as so much idle wind, and feels bound to "say bluntly" that, if a Bishop can say nothing more to the purpose than that farmers and labourers ought to be good Christians, he had better not speak at all. To tell a man to be a good Christian has apparently no meaning for the *Daily Telegraph*; and it may perhaps be conjectured that the demands of Christmas and Good Friday on the conductors of that journal are so exhausting that they have very little Christianity left for the rest of the year. Why, it is asked, do the priesthood of Ireland exercise an immeasurably greater influence than the clergy of England? It is "because the Irish priests are the social and political leaders of the people, and have given their flock all-powerful aid in their battles with the rich and with the Government." The suggestion is certainly instructive. The Roman Catholic priesthood has undoubtedly fostered the tenant's delusion that the land ought to be transferred from his landlord to himself, and they are now taking a prominent part in the Home Rule agitation. The clergy of the Church of England are therefore warned that, unless they are ready to take up a similar position in England, they must expect to sacrifice what little influence they possess. The English clergy would probably reply that they have no ambition to exercise the functions of Socialist firebrands or revolutionary demagogues.

It will be observed that by insinuation, if not openly, the clergy are accused, not so much of taking up a neutral position between the farmers and their men, as of taking sides with the masters. Even Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES, who read a paper at Bath, asked whether it was possible by any stretch of imagination to conceive of St. JAMES or St. PAUL taking the side of the upper classes against the lower. And then he spoke of the Church having favoured the abolition of slavery and the emancipation of the serfs, and declared that it would be degenerate and disloyal if it were to commit itself to the policy of keeping down the labourer. The suggestion here is, of course, that the agricultural labourers are slaves or serfs, and that the clergy have committed, or seem to be in danger of committing, themselves to the policy of keeping them in slavery. Without discussing the accuracy of this description of the agricultural labourer, it is enough to say that, as far as we have heard, there is no ground for the charge that the clergy have placed themselves either on one side or the other. Some of them have indeed been tempted to blame the personal malice and inflammatory violence with which professional agents of the Unions have conducted their agitation, and have hinted to the labourers that they might perhaps find better friends nearer home; but it is absurd, or something worse, to try to twist this into hostility to working-men. As to the general question, it is undoubtedly sound policy for the clergy to hold aloof from quarrels between farmers and farm-labourers as to wages, not merely because they are not very well qualified to express an opinion, and because there is no reason to suppose that their decision would be respected on either side, but because intervention in this particular series of disputes would at once land them in a bottomless pit of personal and social controversy. It happens that the farmers and agricultural labourers are not the only classes who differ from each other as to what is a fair price for a day's work. There are similar disputes in every other industry in the country. The miners and the coal-owners, the engineers and their employers, the operative builders and the master-builders, and, in short, every class of labourers and artisans and every class of employers are engaged in close and vigorous con-

flict as to their respective shares in the division of profits. The shopkeepers and their customers are also at war in the same way, and so are the farmers and landlords. The clergy are not stationed exclusively in purely agricultural districts; and even in agricultural districts there are not only labourers and farmers, but farmers and landlords. A clergyman, therefore, who assumed, under the advice of the *Daily Telegraph*, to abandon what that journal calls the vague and idle generalities of the Christian religion, and to offer a specific judgment on the questions at issue between farmers and labourers, would very soon find that he had plunged into an interminable series of disputes. First, he would have to shut himself up for a week or two, in order, with the aid of competent assessors on either side, to settle the claims of the labourers against the farmers. He would next find a deputation of farmers waiting in his parlour to request him to consider their grievances against the landlords of the parish; or perhaps the landlords might have anticipated the farmers in seeking his assistance from the pulpit in reconciling their tenants to a general advance in rent. If he happened to be in a mining district, the pitmen would invoke his aid against the coal-owners, and the coal-owners against the pitmen, while possibly a body of householders would call on him in order to point out that it was his duty to preach against both pitmen and owners, and in favour of cheaper fuel. If there were no mines, there would probably be factories, or some other manufacturing establishments, in the neighbourhood, and here again he would have another set of economical nuts to crack. Even in the smallest villages there are some shops, and shopkeepers and their customers are constantly divided in just the same way as farmer and labourer. Everybody, in fact, is anxious to get as much and to give as little as possible; and a clergyman would have enough to do who undertook to determine authoritatively from the pulpit, on successive Sundays, how much every class of the population had a right to claim in the shape of wages; what should be the ratio between farm profits and labourers' wages on the one hand and rental on the other; whether pitmen should be more highly paid because they were scarce, and bricklayers and carpenters because there were too many of them; what was a fair price for bread, meat, and groceries, and so on. A clerical student who aspired to qualify himself seriously for the discharge of these functions would have to discard theology for political economy; though it is doubtful whether political economy would altogether suit his purpose if he had no other object than to extend his influence with the multitude by echoing their cries and assuring them that they were ill-used and oppressed, and that if they were poor it was only because they were kept out of their rights. The Irish Roman Catholic clergy, whom the *Daily Telegraph* admires so much, get on very well apparently without political economy.

The position of the clergyman of the future will certainly not be a very enviable one if the views which are now prevalent in certain quarters have any chance of being realized. He is expected to be the leading demagogue and principal Trade Unionist agitator of his parish; but, on the other hand, his clerical work will be chiefly done for him by other people. As his pulpit will be open to all and sundry, he will have little opportunity for preaching himself, even if he happens to have any leisure for the enunciation of the "vague principles" of mere Christianity. While, however, all the other occupants of his pulpit will be able to preach what they like, without restriction, his own sermons will be jealously scrutinized by the agents of rival Church Associations, and it will be difficult for him to escape being prosecuted on one side or the other. He will be entertained by the howling of Shakers and the gorgeous rites of the Roman Catholic Church in the churchyard; and his spare moments will have to be devoted to marrying deceased wives' sisters to their lonely brothers-in-law, or amorous uncles to the tender nieces of their lamented wives. At harvest-home a torch-light procession of discontented labourers, led by the parish clergyman waving a flaming brand, will be a curious but appropriate symbol of the times. All this might indeed be described as an astonishing conception of the duties and obligations of clergymen of the Church of England, and might well draw from that unhappy body of men "an exclamation of absolute horror."

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

THREE are some little cut-and-dried taunts which lie ready to the hands of controversialists, as cannon-balls are piled upon the ramparts of a fort, to be used irrespectively of their propriety in any given case. Such, for example, is the doctrine that all bullies are cowards. There is no reason for supposing this to be true; some very brave men have bragged intolerably of their prowess, and been tyrannical on the strength of their boasts. But then it is very pleasant when bullying does turn out to be associated with cowardice; and perhaps mankind have a right to suppress so offensive a custom by assuming, without too rigid an inquiry into the facts, that the association is invariable. A similar doctrine is the plausible commonplace about the credulity of sceptics. It is of course true that disbelief of some of our favourite tenets will very frequently accompany the acceptance of some which we decline to accept; and if everybody is sceptical who hesitates to swallow our dogmas whole, and everybody credulous whose dogmas we cannot swallow, credulity and scepticism will constantly go together. But we fear that it cannot be denied that there are a good many people into whose minds any belief on any subject can only be forced by downright violence; and whose rounded and complete scepticism affords no leverage for this comfortable taunt. Another theory of the same class is the supposed modesty of genius. The convenience of this doctrine, if it were well founded, would be undeniable. There is nothing so pleasant to some people as dashing the vanity of their neighbours. It is comfortable to assume that the very fact that a man thinks himself a genius amounts to a demonstrative proof that he is not; for if that doctrine were once well established, our drawing-rooms and platforms would be swept clear of one of the most annoying varieties of civilized human being. It would indeed be satisfactory to have a conclusive reply to the demand for social blackmail incessantly put forward by persons hungering and thirsting after adulation. Moreover, we have a more amiable motive for wishing the doctrine to be true. There can be no doubt that modesty, if not a condition of genius, at least adds to it an imitable grace. A man who is really a first-rate authority gains our hearts most rapidly by genuine unwillingness to stand upon his dignity. Few men are free enough from snobbishness to resist the flattery of a king who condescends to meet them on equal terms; and it is an even more delicate piece of flattery when a thinker, honoured throughout Europe, condescends to take your opinion as worthy of comparison with his own. The charm, indeed, is so great that we naturally try to attribute it to the great men of old. We contrive to give ourselves a kind of hypothetical flattery by fancying Shakspeare indulging in the give-and-take of ordinary conversation with men in no degree better than ourselves, and perfectly unconscious of his own rightful supremacy. It raises us in our own opinion to think that, if we had lived two or three hundred years ago, we might have been freely admitted to so high a privilege. Now, as the biographers and critics of men of first-rate genius have been generally given to excessive admiration, this grace which ought to have been characteristic, has therefore been represented as actually characteristic, of all the greatest men in the world. The portraits having really been coloured by this belief, they are, according to our ordinary logic, adduced as a conclusive proof that the belief must be a sound one; and moralists have ventured to lay down as a general principle the doctrine that true genius is free from self-consciousness.

If we endeavour to test the doctrine by facts, however, we are very soon brought into a difficulty. We may say that modesty, so far as it refers to an intellectual condition, means that a man's estimate of his own talents is not excessive. In this respect the man of genius certainly differs widely from his inferiors. There are, we should say at a random guess, at least a dozen systems of universal philosophy propounded every year with the utmost gravity by men who have really learnt nothing but the art of using long words. The authors are just as pretentious as Hegel or Comte, and fancy that they have found the one key to the everlasting enigma. In nearly all these cases we should be inclined to say that a man's vanity was preposterous, except in so far as his utter ignorance might conceal from him the true nature of his pretensions. In one case, however, in a century, the philosopher, though he has not solved everything, has revolutionized the whole system of thought. If so, we do not call him vain; we simply admire his justifiable self-confidence. The ninety-nine humbugs grossly over-estimated their powers, whereas he was really as great a man, or nearly as great a man, as he supposed. The fact is undeniable; but the argument is not really conclusive. Conceit does not really depend on the relation between a man's true value and his estimate of his value. If so, it would be scarcely possible for some great men to be conceited at all. If Shakspeare, for example, had guessed only one half of the truth about himself, if he had known that the minutest details of his life and writings were to be discussed in all civilized languages, that his influence would revolutionize foreign literatures centuries after his death, and that Ben Jonson and Fletcher would appear to his posterity as mere pygmies by his side, he would have been thrown off his balance by sheer astonishment. Such intense would have been too strong for any mortal brain. And in this sense it is almost impossible for any man of genius to be conceited. Nobody, however brilliant his promise, can be confident that he will draw one of the stupendous prizes in the vast lottery of life. A young man who should say, I will be a Shakspeare or a Dante or a Homer, would either be, or be in the way of becoming, a

fool. Genius must so far be unconscious that it can scarcely dare to recognize its own superlative merit, and yet a man may conceivably be overpowered even by a revelation of only a part of his own glory.

In another sense genius must be necessarily more or less unconscious. Newton is supposed to have said that his mathematical excellence was due to nothing but to his having laboured more perseveringly than others. And the theory has been packed into a formula that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking trouble. In spite of the great names which may be adduced in behalf of this doctrine, we venture to think that the source of the fallacy is transparent. We will not dwell upon the fact, which is sufficiently obvious, that a capacity for endurance is just as rare and valuable an endowment as a capacity for immediate insight; and that a man, for example, who can keep his mind fixed upon a mathematical problem for many hours together, as Newton is said to have done, has one of the rarest of powers. But the argument is more vitally defective. Newton saw that, by allowing his mind to dwell upon certain problems, they gradually became clear to him, and that the longer he could attend to them the clearer his mind became. In other words, since his success in mathematical operations varied as the amount of labour bestowed upon them, he assumed that the labour was the one essential element of success. But obviously it does not follow that the same amount of labour from a feeble brain would produce equal effects. The length of time during which a problem was exposed to the action of his intellectual digestion was one condition of his success; but so was the vigour of the digestion for a given time. In short, Newton could compare his own mental operations, and pronounce those to have been most fruitful which were most laborious; but he could not look into the mind of another man, and see by comparison how slow and blundering was his reasoning machinery in comparison with his own. We are all liable to make mistakes of this kind, in one way or the other. We fancy that a man of genius has accomplished success by a lucky hit, because we cannot at all realize the facility with which he can at a given moment command all the resources of his mind. And, in revenge, the man of genius attributes to obstinacy or idleness what is the result of good, plain, honest stupidity. Each of us can only have direct experience of the working of one mind; and we naturally assume, till the contrary has been forced upon us, that all other minds are cast in the same mould. Perhaps it would be as well if, for a brief period of his life, everybody was condemned to be a schoolmaster or a crammer, in order that he might more or less fathom the stupendous abysses of human stupidity. Meanwhile it is easy to understand how a Newton or a Pascal, to whom propositions ordinarily reached by long processes of calculation appear to be self-evident truths, may be unconscious of the difference between himself and his fellows. It does not occur to them that men can be so blind as not to see in broad daylight, and it is easy to imagine that they are wilfully closing their eyes.

Misconceptions, however, of this kind, though perhaps favourable to humility, are certainly compatible even with extravagant vanity. The estimate which we form of our own talents has but an indirect relation to what is really a question of character. A man may be intolerably conceited on the strength of a quality which, even on his own showing, is a trifle. We have known a clergyman, otherwise of apostolic humility, who could not conceal his appreciation of a leg admirably adapted for episcopal costume. Of course he would not have seriously maintained the proposition that good legs give a man a claim to unusual respect, or even to ecclesiastical preferment; but yet his consciousness of their fair proportions enabled him to enter society and even to express opinions on facts, say of dogmatic theology, to which legs have no distinct relation. Perhaps his legs were even more beautiful than he supposed; but that did not justify the extreme complacency which their contemplation imparted to his reflections even upon different topics. If a man's head may be turned by such a trifle, it is not surprising that even a moderate estimate of his intellectual excellence may have a similar effect. A man's poetry may be better than he thinks it; and yet his opinion of it may make him more presumptuous than a knowledge of the truth would justify. A millionaire who only knows of half his own fortune may still be presumptuous. That men of genius are in fact frequently self-conscious does not require proof so much as it would require to be proved that some such men can still escape self-consciousness; and the excuse that they do not exaggerate their own merit is really irrelevant. It would be more judicious to point out in such cases that vanity within certain limits is really an almost essential quality. A disposition at least which for all practical purposes is undistinguishable from vanity is a necessary stimulus to a youth who would do anything great. No young man, for example, however remarkable his talent, could ever have been justified in cold blood "in taking all knowledge to be his province." The chances of a complete failure were so much greater than the chances of even modified success, that a very exuberant confidence in his own powers was implied in the undertaking. A man must be vain enough, according to the old metaphor, to aim at the moon in order that he may get to the top of the tree. In the more active walks of life, it is true, most people have their vanity pretty well knocked out of them. They learn in a few years, and at the price of a good many failures, what it is that they can really do; and then, unless they are fools, they plan their undertakings upon a reasonable estimate of their own abilities. But there are other spheres of activity in which the comforting

influence of a good cheerful vanity is required almost to the end of life. A poet, for example, of original talent may fail to obtain recognition from the older generation brought up under different traditions. The test of his success must be an inward consciousness of merit; and in order to keep up his spirits, it is highly desirable that the consciousness should be somewhat in excess. The process of piping to people who obstinately refuse to dance is so discouraging, that vanity is as necessary a provision to keep up the internal warmth as a supply of oil in the Arctic regions to keep up warmth of a different kind. The oil is not a very nice thing in itself, nor is an unctuous self-satisfaction; but it would be ungrateful to deny that it has its uses.

The dogma, indeed, which we have been considering may be interpreted into a very sound meaning. Every man's eyes should be fixed rather upon his work than upon the reflex results to himself. To take a good aim you should look at the target, instead of being absorbed in the contemplation of your rifle; and a poet or philosopher should rather think of moving his audience than of the verbal apparatus by which he brings himself into communication with them. Yet even so there are intervening moments at which all but the very strongest of men will inevitably think of their own merits, and of the external testimonies to their success. In such moments they will bless the inventor of vanity, as Sambo blessed the inventor of sleep. Whatever be the true moral, the fact can hardly be doubted. Without producing instances, anybody may satisfy himself that a very large number of eminent men have been vain in spite of all aphorisms to the contrary; and if we exempt the greatest names, it is not so much that they are free from the charge as that our hyperboles surpass anything which the most brazen-faced of mankind could utter about himself, whatever might have been his private opinion of his own merits.

TABLES-D'HÔTE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AS foreigners have been forced to borrow the French word to express the thing, so, do what they will, the table-d'hôte will remain to the end a French institution. It is only by imitation bordering on the servile that more Southern nations have succeeded in acclimatizing it, and we English try to fashion it to a model of our own, and signally fail in consequence. Belgium and the French-speaking Cantons of Switzerland are as much French provinces in their social and gastronomic aspects as Dauphiny or Brittany. *Mutatis mutandis*, with changes in the viands and the wines following the climate and the constituents of the national cookery, it is the Italians perhaps who tread most closely on the heels of their masters. They have plenty to say for themselves, but their talk rather tends to flow in periods when it does not rise into absolute oratory; and it is needless to observe how fatal is elaborate speech to the easy enjoyment of dishes that spoil with the keeping. Slowness and solemnity are still more the vices of the dignified Spaniard, and Castilian stateliness of deportment would be even more misplaced than it is were Spanish dinners better worth eating than they are. But the *puchero* is the only Spanish dish worth dallying with, and the *puchero* keeps its heat for ever, and will wait the leisure of the most long-winded of hidalgos. As for the other dishes, the more you distract your thoughts from them the better; and it is impossible to fire your fancy or set your spirits on the flow by imbibing wines that smack strongly of the pigskin. The Austrians have no tables-d'hôte at all, although, with that light-hearted, good-humoured sociability of theirs, they would perhaps take to them more kindly than many of their neighbours. The *menu* of the Northern Germans are not amiss, although they set rather towards the indigestible, and jumble fruits and pickles and vegetables as if their arrangements had been presided over by the physicians of the various watering-places. But the Germans are essentially a heavy people, even if they did not sit down to dinner when many of us are thinking of breakfast, and at an hour when the labours of the day are still weighing on their consciences. As for the Dutch, they are but Low-Germans, solid to stolidity, born and bred in an atmosphere which is as anti-pathetical to gaiety as it is stimulating to appetite. They betake themselves to their knives and forks with the dogged perseverance with which they have embarked their country and developed its commerce; they act at table on that golden rule of minding one thing at a time which has laid the foundations of their national prosperity; they stow their food away in earnest silence, and postpone their talk till they settle to their tobacco.

Tables-d'hôte at Paris and at Amsterdam are removed far as the poles asunder; and when we refer to those of the former city, we speak of course of the genuine French dinners that are spread somewhere to the north of the Boulevards or to the south of the Seine, not of the heterogeneous collections of customers who take their meals in company in caravanserais in the foreign quarter. At the French table-d'hôte everything conspires to assure its success. The people have mastered the art of cookery, and are conscious that they are formed to shine in company. In its simplest shape their dinner has its succession of courses, *hors-d'oeuvres* and soup, fish and entrées, rôti, salad, entremets, and dessert. Disposing of it is a work of time and attended by many pauses. The most reserved and phlegmatic of mortals feel a certain awkwardness in sitting out these interludes in silence, and betray it by certain unmistakable signs. To a Frenchman or Frenchwoman

this sense of embarrassment would be insupportable, nor can there be any reason why they should submit to it. A thousand nothings are rising to their lips, and they know that their neighbours are ready to listen to their babble. There is no need to do anything so violent as break the ice; they may glide easily over it by the help of the salt-cellars or anything else that is ready to their hand. The very facility with which advances are made and met prevents any advantage being taken of them, and the feeling that no further intimacy is implied enables you to be comparatively free and unreserved in your communications. As every one, no matter what his or her station, can talk more or less, as it is a natural gift and instinct which they have been developing ever since they began to prattle, every one contributes his quota to the general gaiety. In England and most other countries, if you are wise you study your neighbour's countenance before you venture a remark on the weather. There are several contingencies that are worth the weighing; he may consider the remark a liberty and snub you accordingly; he may take advantage of your affability to be vulgarly familiar; or, what is more probable still, it may be more trouble drawing him out than it is worth. None of these things need go for much in your calculations in France, least of all the last one. Thanks to the French being lighter in their natures than we are, almost all of them can meet on the common ground of amusements or frivolities. It may be an abuse of language to speak of a Frenchwoman's toilet as being either frivolous or mere matter of amusement; but, class the art of dressing as you will, that is always a safe and fertile theme. An acquaintance of half-a-dozen sentences, if you are deferential in the manner of your approaches, will justify you in freely criticizing the taste of the ladies of the party to the one who happens to be seated by your side; if you find something to abuse judiciously about the best dressed woman at the table, you are sure to win the good graces of your companion for the hour. Then there is the never-failing resource of the stage. Were you to broach the stage as a subject at a table-d'hôte at Liverpool or Glasgow, the subject would drop stillborn at once. One-third of the nation does not approve of it; another third does not appreciate it; and no one in the country knows anything of the latest hit that has been made in town or cares for the last revival of Shakespeare. When a piece has been launched successfully on the Parisian boards it makes a furore all over the country. It has either been represented in the provincial towns or else it is advertised to be; and people are longing to see and willing to talk about what they have heard so much of.

From such safe topics as toilets or stage plays you can feel your way to more delicate and profitable ones, if your friends show signs of possessing any special information. For although Frenchmen leave the shop or the counting-house outside the door of the salon when they come to dine in mixed company, yet very few of them are above their callings. Should you fancy that the gentleman seated near you at Bordeaux looks like a *commis voyageur* in the trade, and show yourself interested in wines and curious in vintages, he will not be slow to confess his connexions, and will be proud to enlighten you with his superior knowledge. Perhaps that class of *commis voyageurs* illustrates as well as any other the adaptability that makes a French table-d'hôte so agreeable. As a rule, they are perhaps more objectionable than their English counterparts; they must be pushing men to succeed with their employers; they pay in audacity wherever they go, and a vulgar pushing Frenchman is the most vulgar of created beings. Should you be unlucky enough to find yourself in a party of these gentlemen in some provincial inn of which they are the patrons, you will be inclined for the moment to modify your views about French tables-d'hôte, although you will have no reason to complain of an absence of ease and familiarity. But if one of these very men drops into a circle of strangers, ten to one there will be little about him to take exception to, except the loudness of his necktie and his manner of swallowing his soup. So you may take the bagman's counterpart in the other sex; a provincial *modiste* on her way home with patterns from Paris. She sometimes assumes the airs and graces of her most profitable clients, but perhaps she scarcely caricatures the most eccentric of them; and if you treat her frankly for what she pretends to be, her suavity and condescension leave nothing to complain of. In the dressmaker and the commercial gentleman we have selected the extreme types we should most shrink from in England, and you must be unlucky indeed if you are not more fortunate in your company. If the party is not very numerous, and should the conversation chance to have become general, you will find it has grown strangely confidential. As people warm into animation they forget some of the restraints which prudence imposes at first even on a free-spoken French party. The smiles that light up their faces become natural instead of artificial as they really set themselves to please in earnest in place of offering conventional contributions. The man who has made some happy hit which has been approved as good feels that he has made a reputation for brilliancy which he is bound to sustain; and the others are not to be outdone if they can help it. The ladies try to shine of course, and as they grow conscious of the impression made by their charms, conversational or other, they lay themselves out to be captivating. It is possible the guests may linger at the table even after they have sipped their coffee. They only exchange bows when they separate, yet they bow to each other like old friends, and some impulsive members of the company may have requested permission to *serve* the hands of others. As nothing is perfect, it is possible that they may have "talked jealous" as the evening drew on and they were heated by excitement. Some of

them may have become noisier than good manners would permit, and the struggle for the pre-eminence may have overtaxed even French politeness. But when you rose to go you were surprised to find the time had passed so quickly, and you went about your business or your pleasure on the best of terms with yourself and the friends you had left.

You may travel through the British islands like the Wandering Jew before you happen upon a dinner party like that. There are tables-d'hôte at watering-places where the guests crumple themselves up in the smallest and straitest seats, and scowl forbiddingly at the knots formed by their neighbours. There are tables-d'hôte in some of the great tourist hotels which answer more entirely to foreign ones, inasmuch as the company is always changing. You may take as a specimen of the latter a dinner on the "Sabbath" on some Scottish tour in the Highlands. The host specially requests you to join it, inasmuch as it spares his servants labour. The prayer is very much of a command, as you find out should you try to insist upon a dinner apart. As far as the food goes, you have no cause to complain of the arrangements at the public table—hodge-podge and cocky-leekie, superb salmon, beef in rounds and sirloins, mutton in haunches and saddlea, haggis and sheep's head, poultry, pies, puddings, cheese, and all the rest of it. But the very profusion and the manner of serving it are fatal to geniality. All is brought up in batches and placed on the table to be cut up and distributed. The worst carvers are the most good-natured or officious. How can a gourmand talk pleasantly while he sees the salmon mangled before his eyes, and the fowls torn ruthlessly limb from limb; when he is fobbed off with a hunch of mutton gashed across the grain, while the pope's eye lies on the plate of the unappreciative maiden who is next to him? Constant anxiety of this kind is fatal of course to conversation; even if it were not, you would find it hard to begin to be agreeable. Save for the clatter of knives and plates, a Sabbath stillness reigns in the apartment; and no one is saying anything to anybody else, except some family groups who are softly whispering. The gentleman who breaks out with a solemn "I'll trouble ye, sir, for another spoonful of that haggis," is observed to blush and tremble at the sound of his own voice, although he seems by no means exceedingly impressionable. You steal a glance at the silent guest on your right; he is making the round of all the dishes at a hand gallop, and has no time to spare for social amenities. On your left is a young lady in a green tartan frock, with no collar, who blushed up to the roots of the hair when a waiter accosts her over her shoulder. Full in front of you is a stately dame, whose bangle-covered cap nods like a hearse plume. You fancy she may be cheery enough at home, for her face is pleasant, though red; but she has evidently a rooted suspicion of strangers, and her good-humoured eyes become stern when she intercepts a look of yours at her gawky daughter. Up and down the sides of the long table are stray people with whom you might possibly get on could you pick out a party to adjourn with. But they are all separated, and strongly guarded, like so many prisoners confined on the silent system under the surveillance of unsympathetic turnkeys. This is a fair sample of a British table-d'hôte, nor are matters likely to mend speedily. For it is the pleasantest people who find them most intolerable, and who prefer their own society and a solitary repast to the feast that is spread in such dismal company.

THE ROMANIZING OF INDIA.

LET not earnest Protestants be alarmed. We use the term "Romanizing" in no theological sense, but as denoting a matter of pure worldly interest, and yet of very high importance. We mean the use of the Roman alphabet in India in place of the many varieties of alphabets in use among the natives. Our attention has been forcibly attracted to this subject by the publication of Professor Williams's Sanskrit Dictionary, which, by the free, but not exclusive, use of the Roman alphabet, appears in one stout quarto instead of the three or four which would have been required had the native characters been used for all the Sanskrit words. We have one portable and thoroughly intelligible volume, instead of a cumbersome and far more expensive dictionary in three or four volumes. Labour and expense are economized, and the result is a more practically useful book.

This subject was started in India nearly forty years ago by Sir Charles Trevelyan, and although the value of the proposal was acknowledged by many, it had to contend with old-standing prejudices, and made little progress. Again Sir Charles stirred the question in England some thirteen or fourteen years ago, and for a time it attracted a share of public attention; but, beyond the printing of a Hindustani Grammar and some other books in the Roman character, no success was attained. Nor was it likely to be otherwise, for this latter movement began at the wrong end. It is the native Indian who must be taught and induced to use the Roman character. Masters as we are of India, we are in one respect at least the subjects of our subjects. So long as they speak divers languages and use divers alphabets, we must, if we aspire to rule and hope to administer justice, not only learn to speak those languages, but to read and write them in the characters which the natives themselves employ.

The languages of India are about twenty in number, and the number of alphabets is about the same, although some languages have more than one alphabet; thus the Mahratti has two, and the Hindi also has distinct printed and written forms. With two exceptions, that of the Tamil in the South and the Hindustani in

the North, all these alphabets are only modifications of one type. They are varieties of the Nāgari, or rather of the different forms of the Nāgari in which Sanskrit has been written in different ages. Inscriptions enable us to trace the various forms of the Nāgari in a succession of centuries, and to ascertain pretty nearly the period when the various local languages borrowed their alphabets, and as it were stereotyped their forms. The most remote age to which the alphabet is traceable is that of the Rock Inscriptions, some three or four centuries B.C.; and these inscriptions are considered to afford convincing evidence that the system was no indigenous Indian production, but that it was based upon the alphabet of the Phoenicians. To the best of our knowledge, then, India borrowed her primary alphabet, the foundation of all the rest. Now of all this score of alphabets developed from one original form, and based upon the same system, no two are so alike that they can be read the one for the other. Some approach each other very nearly, but still they are not intelligible without more or less study. It is as if Italian, French, and Spanish were, like the German, all written in different and very divergent varieties of the same alphabet. What a bar would this present to the interchange of thought and the spread of knowledge in Europe, and how still more formidable is the obstruction presented by the diversity of alphabets in India! All the Indian languages have hundreds and thousands of words in common, and yet, these being veiled in unknown characters, it is only here and there that a man possessed of an inquiring mind or placed in exceptional circumstances realizes the similarity and perceives how closely the languages and their speakers are allied to each other.

The Nāgari alphabet is not to be altogether despised; it was based upon a system which has been carefully worked out. But its starting point was wrong. It made the consonants the leading letters, and looked upon the vowels as mere modifying appendages. So the very sounds which give life and tone to language were generally reduced to superscribed or subscribed additions. This degradation of the vowels gave rise to a great difficulty at starting. No consonant could be pronounced without a vowel, so the difficulty was got over by assuming that every consonant had an inherent vowel sound, that of the primary vowel *a* (identical in sound with the *a* in *servant*). But two, and sometimes three, consonants may combine without any interposing vowel, as in the word *strong*. In such words the supposed inherent vowel had to be got rid of, and to effect this the consonants were either broken up and combined in more or less intricate compound characters, or a special mark was suffixed to consonants deprived of vowel sounds. So that in *strong* the *str* and the *ng* were either formed into compounds, or the *s* and *t* had a subscribed mark to show that they were without vowel sounds. The Sanskrit preferred the compounding system, and so large numbers of compound letters were produced, to the great trouble and discouragement of learners. The modern languages admit some compounds, but in theory prefer the devocalizing suffix. But as in ordinary practice this mark is very rarely written, great numbers of words are left of doubtful pronunciation. How immeasurably superior is a system in which every letter, vowel or consonant, is distinctly written! None of the Indian alphabets have any capitals, so that they make no distinction between such words as Brown and brown, Bath and bath, although they require to do so much more frequently than is the case in our own language. Though they abound with compound terms, they have no mark like the hyphen—a mark which would be invaluable to learners, as it would enable them to dissect intricate compounds, and would show the true interpretation of such combinations as Sanskrit *sutapa*, which may be read with widely different meanings, as *suta-pa* or *suta-pa*. Again, they have no stops; and although these marks are not quite so requisite in Indian languages as in our own, the absence of them and of capital letters often involves great waste of time and trials of patience in searching for passages required. And to all these defects may be added the fact that the best of these alphabets is far less distinct and legible than the Roman. Take a piece of paper and cover either the upper or lower half of a line of Roman print, still little difficulty will be felt in reading it. But try the same experiment with any Indian alphabet, and failure will be the result. And the reason is, that in the Roman alphabets all the vowels are distinct letters, not mere external appendages as they frequently appear in the Indian languages. The Roman has also the advantage of a greater variety and dissimilarity in the elementary forms of the letters. Lastly, there is the great question of labour and expense. The Roman character can be written at least twice as fast as the best Indian alphabet; page for page it is less expensive to print, and the matter of two or three pages of print in a native character may be brought into one in the Roman character, and yet be equally—nay, more—intelligible. With all these manifest and decided advantages, it does seem strange that the use of the Roman alphabet has not made greater progress.

But before looking at the question from the Indian side, one or two objections raised by Englishmen may be noticed. First comes the allegation that men who can read and thoroughly understand a language in its own letters are unable to do the same when it is presented in Roman letters. Granted. But why is this? Because these men have never taken the very little trouble required to master the system of orthography. Instead of ascertaining the sound which each letter is intended to represent, they assume that they already know it; and so several men may read the same passage in a way neither intelligible to themselves nor to any one else. It is obvious that a fixed regular system must be

adopted, and those who refuse to understand this system are really incapacitated for arguing about it. But it may be said, as it often has been said, "If you must write it in Roman letters, write it as any ordinary Englishman would." This demand is frequently made with all the assurance of its being decisive and unanswerable. But let ten ordinary Englishmen transcribe a passage, each according to his own notions, and the great probability is that no one of the ten will be able to understand any version but his own, and most certainly there will be no unanimous agreement in the accuracy of any one. Those only who have had experience of the unassisted efforts of ordinary Englishmen in transcribing Indian words can form any idea of the perverted ingenuity which has been exhibited. Cases might be quoted of simple words spelt in ten or twelve different ways, many of them as barbarous as the spelling of the alderman who, by writing "kawphy," managed to represent the word "coffee" without using one correct letter. The causes of this variety we shall presently notice.

Another objection alleged is that a change to the Roman system would be destructive of etymology. This, however, has never been proved, and we venture to assert that, so far from destroying etymology, it would have the effect of giving it greater prominence and effect. How strongly might etymology be brought out in books of instruction by the use of varieties of type and of hyphens, and how clearly by these means might the radical be distinguished from its inflectional terminations, its prefixes and suffixes, and its augments. And if this is true as regards the inflected languages of the Aryan stock, it applies equally, and perhaps even more forcibly, to the Semitic languages, in which the radical letters are shifted about by the weaving in of servile letters. Would not a great advantage result from tracing the root through such varieties as the Arabic *malaka*, *mālik*, *mamlūk*, *tamlik*, *malik*, *malak*, *malaik*, *mulk*, *milk*, *milkiat*, *mamālik*, &c.? Would it not also be a real gain to have the various vowels represented by distinct letters, instead of by a variety of points, which are often knocked out or shifted by accident, and quite as often omitted or misplaced through inadvertence or ignorance? The difficulty of securing the proper representation of the vowel and other points is so great that they are generally omitted. Hence ability to supply the points accurately is a severe test of scholarship. But were the language written, as it might be, in the Roman character, in a full and distinct manner, no such difficulty would exist, and knowledge would be acquired more speedily and more accurately.

The objections of the natives of India to the introduction of a new system may be readily felt and acknowledged. It is not likely that men who have been educated and have grown up in the use of a particular alphabet will willingly and readily adopt another. But what has occurred once may occur again. It matters little where the original Indian alphabet came from, for it was introduced too long ago to affect the argument; and the most modern forms of the Indian alphabets may well claim to be called old in comparison with our own. But when the Mahomedans conquered India they brought with them their Arabic alphabet; and this alphabet, a most imperfect and unsuitable one, has been made, by dint of many shifts and contrivances, the medium of writing the Hindustani language. A Semitic alphabet has been adapted to an Aryan tongue; for although a vast number of Arabic words have been imported into Hindustani, the language is still essentially Aryan. Here, then, we find an alphabet foreign in its origin and foreign in its relations establishing itself in India, and obtaining currency among millions of people, to express a language for which it is peculiarly unfitted. History tells us of no force having been used, of no law having been promulgated for its introduction, and yet there it is in regular and general use. How then can it be argued that the introduction of the far more perfect Roman system is a chimera? Let a system of orthography be sanctioned by Government, let it be taught in the native schools, and let it be understood that petitions and official communications written in this character will be preferentially received, and the work is half done. The natives of India, both Hindu and Musulman, are keenly alive to the necessity of acquiring some of that knowledge which makes their rulers powerful, and of adapting themselves to the form of government under which they live and prosper. Any means of acquiring knowledge, and any opportunity of adding to their qualifications, are eagerly sought after by thousands of inquiring and aspiring youths. Once let the Romanizing system receive the sanction of Imperial favour, and it will be eagerly examined. Once diffused, and once practically applied, it may be left to fight its own battle, and to secure its own acceptance.

Sir William Jones, the earliest of our Sanskrit scholars, was the first to lay down a regular system for the rendering of Oriental words in Roman characters. His system, with a few modifications, has ever since been used by the learned. It is scientific in principle, and practical in application; it is used in all books of authority, and yet it cannot be said to have ever come into common use. Rival systems like that of Gilchrist, although absurd in principle and worthless in practice, have found supporters; and besides the systematizers, there have been the erratic independent transcribers, who have made a perfect Babel of confusion. The reason of this is not far to seek. In English we have perhaps the worst vowel system in Europe, and we have a constant tendency to tone down the sounds of all our vowels to the primary vowel sound. We use them all in turn to represent this elementary articulation. Thus in the short sentence, "the mother-bird flutters over a myrtle," we have each vowel used to express this one sound; in the second word we have *o* and *e*, in the third *i*, in

the fourth *u* and *e*, in the fifth *e*, in the sixth *a*, and in the seventh *y*. Look also at the varying sounds of *i* in *pin*, *pine*, and *machine*, and of *u* in *but* and *put*, and it must be seen that it is impossible to arrive at anything like precision with such a medium. Sir W. Jones adopted the Italian vowel system, and with one alteration the scheme which he devised continues in use. That bugbear of Englishmen, that sound which we have called the primary vowel sound, is represented by *a*, such as we have it in the word *America* and in a thousand others. The unvarying sound of this letter must be well understood and the rest is easy. There are three short vowels, *a*, *i*, *u*; three long sounds of the same vowels, *ā*, *ī*, *ū*; and four diphthongs, *e*, *ai*, *o*, and *au*. These are sufficient to represent fully and accurately every vowel sound, excepting some vowels peculiar to the Nāgari alphabet and too technical to be here noticed. As we have seen that our English vowel system is about the worst, on the other hand our consonantal system is admirably fitted for the object in view. Its *ch* and its *j* exactly correspond with Indian letters for which Germans and Frenchmen are obliged to employ such barbarous combinations as *tsch*, *dsch*, &c. &c. But few modifications are needed; *c* is discarded as unnecessary, for *k* represents its guttural power, *s* its sibilant. In the same way *g* always has the hard Saxon sound, and never the *j* sound which we have got from Latin and French. These changes are all that are really needed; but as the letter *c* is disused in its old character, it would certainly be a gain if it were used to represent *ch*, which is in reality a simple letter, not a double one as we write it. There is also one other point in which a great improvement might be effected by a small change. The Indian alphabets abound with aspirated consonants. Every consonant capable of aspiration has a distinct form to represent that aspirate. Thus *b* and its aspirate *bh* are two totally distinct letters, not mere combinations. Now these aspirated letters occur very frequently, so it has been proposed to get rid of the incessant repetition of *h* by adding an accent or a dot to give the aspiration to the simple letter. Both these practices are open to objection. Such a use of the accent is entirely distinct from its ordinary application, and all external marks like dots are liable to be neglected in writing, and knocked off in printing. In English writing *t* is often left without its cross, and still more frequently the *i* is deprived of its dot. Therefore the change, if made at all, must be effected by a slight modification of the letter itself, one that is uniform in its application and easily imitated in writing. It might be accomplished by introducing a spot or an open circle into the outline of the letter, into the loop line of the *b* and *p* for instance. This, however, is a matter of detail which cannot be well discussed without illustration. It is a matter, however, of some importance; for the elimination of the oft-repeated *h* would shorten many long words, and the percentage of pages it would save would be something considerable.

A conference of three or four practical men possessing the requisite knowledge might very quickly decide upon the best system. In fact, the work is all but done, and needs only the sanction of a recognized authority. We are aware that some twenty years ago a Committee of learned men was formed in London to decide upon a system. But the aim of that learned body was not confined to merely Indian languages; their object, like that of Professor Lepsius, was to invent a universal alphabet capable of representing and accurately expressing all the sounds of all the various languages of the world. It failed, as might have been expected, and the scheme may be left among the dreams of the past, as only less improbable of realization than that of "One Universal Language." But what we are advocating is no mere dream; it is a reality which has stood the test of experience. Our only fear is that it may fall under the direction of theorists, and, with all due respect let it be said, of German theorists. The Germans, having no letter equivalent to our *ch* and *j*, have employed an accented *k* for the *ch*, and an accented *g* for the *j*; and they have endeavoured to persuade us to do the same, on the ground that, as these letters interchange in certain positions, they are related to each other, and should be represented by similar symbols. The theory, however, if good for anything, must be stretched a little further, and include *t* and *d*, which in certain positions are changed to *ch* and *j*. But why need these theoretical niceties be touched upon? The English language, though one of the youngest offshoots of the Aryan stock, has received these two sounds *ch* and *j*, exactly identical with the sounds of similar letters in Sanskrit and the other languages of India, and it would be a decided loss to reject these letters, more especially as no trace of the German refinement is to be found in the Indian alphabets. We English are rulers of India; it is our duty and our interest to bring the natives of that country into the closest possible relations with ourselves, and we shall best effect that object in the matter before us by keeping as close as the circumstances will allow to what is English.

The great diversity in the ordinary modes of spelling, upon which we have above animadverted, induced the Government of India a few years since to direct that in all official communications the proper names of places should be written according to a spelling laid down. Action has thus been taken in the matter, and some good effected. What has been above proposed would go much further, and might not for a few years be followed by any great success. But the advantages of the Roman system are so great, and the benefits that would flow from its use both to the people of India and ourselves are so manifest, that an effort ought to be made to give it a fair trial in the education of the rising generation. If it is thus put to the test, and is favoured with the

encouragement that it merits, the result, though it may be tardy, can hardly be doubtful. A reform will be accomplished of more real value and importance to the millions of India than many of the plans which engross the minds of statesmen and occupy the time of senates.

BRIGHTON.

A FRENCH journalist who recently paid a visit to Brighton has given a somewhat disparaging account of it to his countrymen. He did not admire the architecture of the Grand Hotel, or the dresses of the women. He resented the stern demeanour of the waiters who surrounded him at table like so many Grand Inquisitors, watching every morsel he ate, and observing with solemn and, as he imagined, vindictive, curiosity the way in which he handled his knife and fork. Altogether he found Brighton to be a very stupid and tiresome place. We were rather surprised to read this account of Brighton by a Frenchman, and above all by a Parisian, because we should have thought that of all parts of England this is just the part which would have suited him best. Nobody could expect a Parisian to like London. It is too big, too busy; it wants concentration. Paris is a considerable place on the map, and according to statistics of houses and population; but the real Paris consists of only one or two boulevards and half-a-dozen streets. The rest of the city is not Paris, but only a sort of annex, where people go to sleep. And this is what a Parisian likes—to have effects concentrated and brought within easy range. From this point of view Brighton might be favourably judged. The King's Road is its boulevard, and to most of its visitors it represents the town. The streets which stretch up the hills behind merely supply sleeping accommodation for the inhabitants and their guests. The life of Brighton is concentrated on the famous Parade. Altogether there is something strongly Continental in the aspect of Brighton. The white houses and green blinds, the spacious promenade, the procession of gaily-dressed people finding amusement in simply walking up and down, the clearness of the atmosphere, and a certain exhilarating quality of the air, all help to make one think of Paris and its boulevards. The French writer of whom we speak did not discover in Brighton anything answering to his notions of an *établissement*, and probably he missed the open *cafés* and little tables of his native land. The former would of course, in the present state of English society, be a hopeless enterprise. Almack's, if it had survived, would long ago have degenerated into a music-hall, with pipes and beer. But as to the little tables we are disposed to sympathize with our foreign guests. It would appear as if Englishmen could never take refreshments of the lightest kind without retiring into dark and musty seclusion at the back of a confectioner's shop or into the coffee-room of an hotel. Is there anything to be ashamed of in sipping a cup of tea or coffee or eating an ice, or even drinking a glass of sherry, that one must needs hide oneself, as it were, in a cave before committing the enormity? At certain seasons the climate is perhaps to some extent against this sort of outdoor enjoyment, but arrangements could easily be made to provide shelter without blocking out light, air, and the cheerful sight of the people in the street. In contrast with most English places, Brighton has all the brightness and sprightliness of a Continental town, and a spirited Town Council has done as much for it as a lavish Prefect of the Second Empire, with the State Treasury to dip his hand into. No doubt the town is kept up as a commercial speculation, but still it is creditable that it should be kept up with so much care and liberality. From Hove to Kemp Town there is a noble highway, some three miles long, facing the sea. Both the roadway and the broad footpath are well-watered and kept in excellent condition, and there are handsome and comfortable seats at every few paces from one end to the other. The lawn at Cliftonville is always fresh and smooth; and the whole town is kept scrupulously clean. Vast drainage works are being constructed at a heavy expense in order to make the sanitary arrangements as perfect as possible. These may seem prosaic matters, and it is easy to say that they are attended to only because they pay by attracting visitors; but, after all, it is not every town that has sense to understand this, or spirit to carry out the thing thoroughly. It must be admitted that Brighton makes the most of its natural advantages.

It is not very easy to account for the differing social attributes of seaside towns. Brighton is the nearest of any of them to London; it can be reached by railway in an hour or so at a very moderate cost, and during the greater part of the year there are numerous cheap excursion trains. In point of fact, vast numbers of all classes of people visit Brighton; and yet you never see there any of the extraordinary persons who swarm at Margate and Ramsgate. The blatant animal in zephyr coat and sand-shoes, with a field-glass slung over his shoulder and a telescope under his arm, has never been domesticated there, nor the more odious female creature of his kind. At Margate he is at home. There is something in the air that woos him to cast off any artificial reticences which he may have found it necessary to observe in town, and to disport himself freely after his own nature. He can sit at the window in his shirt-sleeves, and smoke a long pipe, and gorge himself with shrimps, while his soul is soothed by a ceaseless serenade of negro melodies. The doctors just now have a mania for Margate, but they scarcely make sufficient allowance for the depressing influence of its intense and corroding vulgarity. Everything there seems to appeal to the lowest tastes and grossest

appetites. The ideal of enjoyment is an uninterrupted course of cheap gluttony and boozing. It is hard to say why people who like this sort of life should go all the way to Margate, and should avoid Brighton, unless it is that they have Margate all to themselves. Brighton is famous for its eccentricities of costume, and there is no local law against shirt-sleeves or sand-shoes; but eccentricities of this kind would be apt to be unpleasantly conspicuous. The fact is, that the respectable element is sufficiently strong to hold its ground, and the prevailing social atmosphere is unfavourable to the gambols of the wild cockney. The vanities of Brighton tend in another direction. The well-known promenade presents a dazzling panorama of the follies of fashion, and of the Simian imitativeness of the human race. The Parade is open to all the world. The benches are free to every one, and for twopence you can mix with the quality on the Pier. The hackney-coach runs by the side of the dowager's chariot as long as its spavined nag can keep the pace; and the occupants assume for the time of hiring the dignified airs of carriage company. A striking costume is quickly copied; the cut and colour of rich silks and velvets are reproduced in cotton and alpaca, and every class apes its superiors in such materials as it can afford. An old newspaper of the days of the Regent tells us that His Royal Highness walked out one day in a plum-coloured coat and brown hat, accompanied by the Countess of Jersey, elegantly dressed in white, with a gold bandage on her head, from which was suspended a most beautiful veil. The prevailing dress at this time was, it seems, a gipsy hat, pink, lilac, and white mantles, and brown parasols—perhaps to match the Regent's hat—trimmed with white lace. "Some of the first-rate *élégantes* wore dove-coloured stockings and shoes." A gentleman who dressed from tip to toe in green was thought, however, to have deviated into eccentricity, and this opinion was confirmed when he soon after jumped off the cliff into the sea. The spirit of the royal man-milliner would seem still to pervade his favourite haunt, and the *élégantes* of to-day show no failing off in affectation or extravagance of dress. Simple-minded people from the quiet suburbs of London appear to derive considerable gratification from reading their names in the "Fashionable Visitors' List," where they are inserted free of charge on the chance of a copy or two being thereby sold. It is an historical event for the Bugginses of Peckham (J. Buggins, Esq., and Mrs. Buggins, J. Buggins, Jun., Esq., the Misses Buggins (4), Master Buggins, Clytemnestra House, Gladstone Terrace, Adrianople Road, Peckham, S.E.), to be commemorated in the same type and on the same sheet as marchionesses and earls; and you may be sure several copies are despatched by post to dazzle friends in the country, while another twopence is spent in procuring one for preservation in the family archives at home. The local newspapers also chronicle, from time to time, in similar fashion the arrival of more interesting visitors in the shape of additions to the Aquarium. The enthusiasm of Brighton for this branch of natural history, especially in conjunction with bath-buns, lemonade, and a brass-band concert, shows as yet no signs of abatement. Apart from the scientific value of this entertainment, it is believed that the contemplation of fishes in their native element (especially by gas-light, and to the airs of Offenbach) has a soothing moral effect. It is said that when Mr. Disraeli visited this exhibition he was very much struck by the resemblance between the busy play of the grasping tentacles of the octopus and the policy of the Government. He apparently forgot to bring this in his letter to Lord Grey de Wilton, but it will do for another time.

To sentimental admirers of the romantic and picturesque, Brighton is understood to be peculiarly distasteful. There is no country there, they complain, but only a smaller London by the sea. In point of fact, Brighton is, from its situation on a number of hills, almost as many as Rome sits upon, really a very picturesque town, but to appreciate this aspect of it, it should be viewed from some of the higher parts, towards the back. For those who can appreciate the beauty of the Downs, there is also pleasant country within easy reach, and there is plenty of foliage to refresh eyes jaded with the glare of the sea along the valley of the Steyne, and so up to Preston and Hassock's Gate. Even admitting, however, the want of trees, this, as a guide-book points out, is rather an advantage, since "the miasma arising from the decomposition of vegetable substances is, therefore, quite unknown." More would perhaps be thought of other features of Brighton if the sea were less exclusively worshipped. The whole construction of the town has been influenced by this fanatical devotion. The value of a house is estimated, not by its style or accommodation, but by the extent of the view which it gives over the sea. Hence it is that the streets perch themselves at all sorts of queer angles, and the houses twist and strain and sidle to catch even the least little glimpse of the sacred object; if you go up-hill you find the houses grow taller and taller, as if each row were striving to peer over the heads of those below. The Marine Parade is, we suppose, in its whole length quite unequalled in any part of the world, and there is every prospect of its being soon stretched to Portslade and Kingston, if not on the other side towards Rottingdean. One of the peculiarities of Brighton is its diversified character. It consists of five or six different quarters, each with its own peculiar climate. It has also a succession of different seasons—the bathing season, the fashionable season, the season for farming neighbours near at hand, the domestic season, when it makes merry by itself, and the season for the people who are fond of east wind. During the domestic season the disproportion of the sexes is harrowing in the extreme.

The resident population then consists chiefly of widow ladies and their daughters, schoolgirls, and schoolboys. Men come only on flying visits, and the male element at parties has to be supplied by half-a-dozen infants from an academy, under the superintendence of an usher. The social tone of Brighton has been described by its detractors as worldly, not to say fast. Some good people profess to be shocked by its vanities, and in consumptive circles at St. Leonards its gaiety is referred to with a thrill of horror. To show how little foundation there is for these cruel imputations, it may be stated that on Sunday evenings the brass-bands on the two piers and the brass-band in the Aquarium as well as the other half-dozen bands up and down the town all play selections of sacred music. Flirting to accompaniments by Handel may almost be regarded as a devotional exercise.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION.

WE suppose we may take it for granted that everybody is by this time tolerably familiar with the general results of the latest Census, but there are one or two points in regard to the distribution of population which deserve special attention, and which are brought out very clearly in Mr. Lewis's useful Digest. That the population of the United Kingdom is, in round numbers, over thirty-one and a half millions, of whom twenty-two and a half are to be found in England and Wales; and that this represents an addition in the course of ten years of two and a half millions, being at the rate of 8·8 per cent., or a daily augmentation of 700, are broad facts which it is easy to remember. The increase has been mainly in England, which has advanced at the rate of 13 per cent., while in Scotland the increase has been only 9·7 per cent., and in Ireland there is, mainly owing to emigration, a positive decrease of 6·7 per cent. In England and Wales the rate of increase during the last decade shows an advance on that of the two previous decades, but it is still below that of the periods between 1811 and 1841. In that memorable decade between 1811 and 1821, which included the general peace, the return of our armies and navies, the reduction of taxes, and the expansion of industry and commerce, the increase of population was over eighteen per cent. In the successive periods down to 1841 the rates of increase were sixteen and fourteen and a half per cent., in 1851 twelve and a half, in 1861 twelve, and now just over thirteen per cent. Between 1851 and 1861 we had not only two great wars, but emigration was particularly active. In the last decade emigration was somewhat checked by the American war, and the number of emigrants from the United Kingdom was four hundred thousand less than in the preceding period. The general prosperity of England is shown, not only by the increase of population, but by the increase of houses. In 1871 there were 4,259,000 houses standing in England, and 37,800 houses were being built—an unprecedented activity. Reckoning houses built and building, there were 5·45 persons to a house in 1811, 5·18 in 1851, 5·08 in 1861, and 4·98 in 1871; so that, while population multiplies, the pressure of overcrowding is somewhat diminishing. Altogether these facts would seem to point to the conclusion that during the ten years between 1861 and 1871 the general condition of the country was thriving and comfortable. The stimulus of active trade and prosperity kept up the natural growth of population; the attractions of emigration were diminished by hopeful prospects at home; and the increase of house accommodation indicates an advance in the conditions of domestic life. The emigration from Ireland is a question that must be taken by itself. The vast exodus which followed the famine naturally tended to unsettle and disturb the remaining population, and to direct their thoughts to the new land to which their friends and relatives had gone. It is known that the Irish in America have sent over enormous sums for the purpose of enabling their friends to join them there, and the emigration of the last decade may be attributed in a large measure to the continuous influence of the first great movement in 1845-6.

When we come to look into the details of the Census returns, we find that the tendency of population to gather in towns is becoming still more marked. There is a constant drain from the country into the towns; but, on the other hand, if we may judge by London as an example, there would seem to be natural limits to the growth of great cities. A city cannot grow in numbers irrespectively of house accommodation, and the supply of houses depends not only on the amount of available building ground, but on the scale of rents, distance from the scene of business, facilities of access to and fro, and other considerations. London is still growing, but its growth is slower than it used to be. The rate of increase is diminishing with each decade. Anybody who looks at a map of London in which the different administrative districts are marked will see that it is divided into a series of rings. In the centre—the kernel of the whole—is the City; next comes the Metropolitan Board district; and then the Police limits. In the City depopulation has long been going on at a rapid rate. The resident population of the City is less than it was a couple of centuries ago. Between 1861 and 1871 it has decreased from 112,000 to 75,000. There are many parishes in which the number of inhabited houses is under twenty; in others it is only five or six; in St. Bartholomew-the-Less it is only three. Nor is this process of depopulation observable only in the City. It has also spread to other parts of the capital. Since the last Census there has been a falling off in the population of West-

minster, St. George (Hanover Square), Marylebone, St. Giles, Strand, Holborn, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and St. George's-in-the-East, as well as London City. The explanation of this state of things is, of course, that the central parts of London are being used more and more for shops, warehouses, and places of business, instead of for habitations. The people who do business there during the day have their homes elsewhere. It is calculated that the City is visited every day by some 700,000 persons, of whom nearly 200,000 are regularly employed there, while the resident population is only 74,892, or 36,700 less than it was in 1861. While the inhabitants of the City are thus decreasing, the inhabitants of the next zone—that of the Metropolitan Board of Works—are, as appears from Mr. Lewis's figures, increasing, but at a decreasing rate; those within the Police limits are steadily increasing, and at a slightly increasing rate; while in the ring between the limits of the Board of Works and the Police limits the increase has been more than fifty per cent. in ten years. The process which is going on is pretty much this—that the heart of the metropolis is gradually being emptied of its resident population, which is thus driven further and further outwards, overflowing into districts beyond the limits of London altogether, and that it is only in the outer rings that there would seem to be any active growth of population. The railways have now appropriated a vast amount of ground in London, and the number of warehouses and places of business is increasing. The tendency to depopulation in the centre of the town will no doubt continue, and in proportion as it does the room that would otherwise be left for new-comers in the external zones will be filled up by Londoners driven from their old homes. There are two causes which may be expected to operate as a check upon the development of London. One is the difficulty of finding houses within a suitable distance of the business parts of the town at a moderate rent, and the other the increasing activity of the provincial towns. It is becoming less worth the while of pushing men to come to London; their chances are almost better in their own districts. Manchester, Birmingham, Hull, and other of the chief towns have grown considerably, but the increase is more remarkable in the case of younger towns. Thus Bradford has risen in ten years from 106,000 to 145,800; Crewe from 8,000 to 17,800; Darlington from 15,700 to 27,700; West Hartlepool from 12,600 to 21,110; Keighley from 15,000 to 19,700; Newcastle from 109,000 to 128,000; Sheffield from 185,000 to 240,000; and so on. Middlesborough has doubled its population in ten years, and Barrow-in-Furness has risen in a comparatively short period from a little fishing village to be a good-sized town, with splendid docks, steel works, flax and jute works, and branches of almost every important industry.

The most curious results of the Census are those which illustrate the shifting of population. In the London Registration Division, which includes parts of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, the actual increase of population exceeded the natural increase by excess of births over deaths by 120,000; and, after allowing for omissions in registration, this would represent the immigration. In the South Midland Division, including Herts, Bucks, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, the increase by births is more by 32,000 than the actual increase, and here, of course, we come on traces of emigration to other parts. In the Eastern Division, which comprises Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the actual increase is nearly 70,000 below the natural increase. In Cornwall, notwithstanding an excess of 47,000 births over deaths, population has decreased by 6,500, chiefly in consequence of the departure of miners for other districts and the colonies. The West Midland Division also lost 97,200 of its natural increment in this way, and the North Midland 66,000. In Lancashire, on the other hand, the increase of population was 96,000 over the increase by births. Relatively the increase in Yorkshire is much greater than during the previous decade, and surpasses that of Lancashire. The actual gain of population is 380,000, as against 286,500 by births. The increase of production has been greater than the increase of workers, on account of improved machinery. But it is in the Northern Division, comprising Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, that the increase has been greatest. In Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland the excess of births was greater than the actual increase; in Durham the excess of births amounted to less by 82,233 than the actual increase. The immigration was due to the great coal-fields round Newcastle and Durham, the smaller field round Whitehaven and Workington, the iron-smelting, the manufacture of machinery and chemicals, and the ship-building yards. In the Welsh Division the actual increase was 47,000 less than the increase by births, so that the influx of workpeople into the mining districts does not equal the emigration of Welshmen. The county which has made the greatest progress in population since the beginning of the century is Durham, which shows an increase of 359 per cent.; Monmouth ranks second, with 329 per cent.; Lancashire next with 319, and Surrey with 307. Stafford shows an advance of 254 per cent.; Middlesex of 210; Warwick 207; Cheshire 192; Kent 175; Sussex 162; Hampshire 148; and Derbyshire 135. Then, at the other end of the list, we have Wilts with an increase in seventy-two years of only 40 per cent., Herefordshire 42, Shropshire 47 per cent., Oxford and Westmorland each 59, Norfolk 60, Bucks 63, and Dorset 71. It will be seen that the decrease is in the purely agricultural districts, and the increase in or near the industrial centres. The great coal region has drawn towards it a considerable body of population from the rest of the

country, and it is evident that, hitherto at least, the wages of the miners have been sufficient to command an increasing supply of labour. On the whole, the results of the Census exhibit a satisfactory picture of the progress of the country as regards population. If, on the one hand, population is not increasing at the rate which alarmed Mr. Malthus and his followers, on the other hand there are no such symptoms of stagnant and depressed vitality as are to be seen in France, and even—we are of course speaking of the natural increase by births—in some parts of the United States. In England the increase of population is brisk enough to indicate substantial prosperity, and there are also signs of a healthy movement of population from one part of the country to another, in accordance with the course of trade and developments of industry.

THE BRITISH HEBE.

NOT long since some of the daily papers gave a curious account of a contest of barmaids which the managers of one of the metropolitan pleasure-gardens had introduced into their enticing programme. We had not the privilege of witnessing this interesting spectacle, and cannot therefore be quite certain of the precise nature of the contest. We may conjecture however that, since quickness and adroitness are among the chief excellences of this public benefactress, the competition mainly turned on the display of these qualities. Other points ought no doubt to be taken into account in forming a perfect estimate of her qualifications. Thus the possession of a wide originality of mind in respect to novel and piquant toilets would, we suppose, be regarded as an eminent recommendation. Nor would it perhaps be irrelevant, in gauging the relative merits of a number of these candidates, to inquire into their powers of charming, detaining, and conciliating their clients by the graces of smile, gesture, and speech. A rough test of this last qualification might be found in the relative number of distinct smiles per minute executed by a competitor, or, still better, by the number of men attracted and charmed to her particular counter.

Our modern English society presents few more curious phenomena than the well-known figure of the barmaid. It may be a disagreeable reflection to worshippers of the past, yet it seems tolerably certain that the pleasant image preserved in our literature of the fresh rustic maid whose rosy cheeks and timorously coy looks lent in the eyes of our travelling forefathers an added charm to the tankard of sparkling ale which she presented to them, is now fast disappearing. Her lineal descendant is the knowing, dashing barmaid of our cities. The rapid progress of communication is fast opening up the most secluded corners of England and Wales, and one may find in inns of some of the quietest and loveliest nooks young women who, from the occasional visits of tourist or commercial traveller, display all the characteristics of the city barmaid. She is without doubt a development of our present style of life. Our closely packed cities and towns, with the rapid and bustling locomotion of their citizens, afford but few opportunities for the pleasant desultory chat in which the bearer of the exhilarating cup was once wont to indulge her idle listeners. She has to confront a vast and fugitive throng of strange faces, and must in a sense be all things to all men. In place of a few confidential acquaintances, she must content herself with a swift succession of momentary intimacies. She has become in a new sense a public functionary, set face to face with the noisy and hasty stream of society which is ever eddying about in our great centres of population.

The qualifications of this new order of public ministrant may all be deduced from this view of her function. Of course the traditional supposition that Hebe's successors ought to possess some of her characteristic graces has still its effect, and it appears to be tacitly recognized that, although properly debarred from more special and tender relations with her clients, the modern bearer of pewter should possess certain personal fascinations. As a public ornament to be simply gazed at, it is desirable to invest her with as much magnificence as possible, and accordingly most kinds of personal attraction, both natural and adventitious, appear to be recommendations. Only in these fascinations for the eye there must be a certain recognition of her sublimely impartial, we were going to say impersonal, service; and while there should be in the arrangement of the hair, style of dress, and jewelry everything of an imposing and dazzling character, anything suggestive of a weak coquetry should be excluded. Beyond these material blandishments, the principal ingredient in the aesthetic fitness of this queenly regaler of the public appears to be a large measure of moral self-restraint, showing itself in a firm and imperturbable self-possession, an apparent exemption from all particular modes of sensibility beyond an inexhaustible spring of complacency, and a certain grandiose address which impresses the beholder with the dignity of its subject, while it sharply rebukes any thought of a frivolous sentimental relation. One great excellence of her art lies in the ability to meet, not with any show of resentment, but with a delightful unconsciousness, all the nascent forms of flirtation with which she is now and again assailed. Accepting as her most certain axiom that the male division of her species are apt to be silly in presence of her sex, and especially so under the insinuating influences of their favourite beverages, she has to set herself to the task of checking yet conciliating, ruling yet never ruffling. Nothing, she well knows, would serve more to impede her good offices to the public than any show of favouritism towards the

recipients of her bounty. Hence one main part of her duty consists in an adroit method of pleasing and flattering every successive comer by a momentary direction of all her powers of fascination towards himself, yet in so beautifully uniform a manner as to leave no room for the depressing sentiment of jealousy in the most sensitive of her fugitive admirers.

Nevertheless this theory, drawn from what the Germans would call the *Wesen* and *Bestimmung* of a barmaid, does not any more than other *a priori* reasonings strictly accord with the facts. Although it may easily be seen that she ought to be the lofty and impersonal existence we have described, in actual practice she commonly betrays unmistakable signs of an ordinary feminine personality. Possibly the transition from the simplicity and sensibility of the rustic to the perfect self-abnegation of the city official is as yet incomplete. However it may be, one strongly suspects that there are few of the class who do not disclose on narrow observation some of the older and more persistent instincts of the sex. Although there are seasons when she assumes the bearing proper to her exalted mission, such a complete suppression of self-consciousness is no doubt a great mental strain, and we need not wonder if, in her less busy moments, when the fussy miscellaneous crowd no longer besieges her, she looks for a little compensation in the shape of a more private and tender intercourse with a chosen few of her clients.

It must be confessed, too, that the complete obliteration of all common feminine sensibility required by the high functions of the barmaid is rendered exceedingly difficult through the rude importunities of some of her *clientèle*. There are several well-marked varieties of these trespassers within the sacred boundaries of her hidden personal life. For example, there is the sleek complacent flatterer of the whole sex, who knows so well how to assume the familiar air of an old acquaintance. At a railway buffet or in the snug bar-parlour of an hotel one may find men of this suave bully type. They pride themselves on the number of young women whom they are able to confuse by artful leer or dexterous wink, and are never so well pleased as when they succeed by some skilfully inserted joke in driving the younger and less rigid assistants at a counter to hide their laughter from the eyes of the severe manageress. These deeply versed connoisseurs of the female heart are generally somewhat advanced in years, not seldom indeed verging towards what in other men would be termed old age. They appear as commercial travellers or in other functions to have had singular advantages in studying the characteristics of the sex. Little wonder perhaps if they commonly exert a kind of serpentine fascination on the easily discomfited objects of their wily assaults. Then there is the conceited youth to whom the counter which encloses the barmaid is a fit field for the manœuvring of his many powers of fascination. He seizes leisurely moments between the trains to engage the eye and ear of some dazzling divinity. He leans graciously over the counter, and retails his pretty stories of high life with every charm of aristocratic lisp and drawl. He is never weary of swearing by his favourite Pagan deity that his listener's charms surpass anything his wide experience has ever encountered. With such dulcet measures this minstrel practises on the ear and heart of his idle listener, confident that, if he persists long enough, he may produce a tremour of emotional life in what seems to others a passionless being. Once more, the divine calm of a barmaid's impersonal existence may easily be disturbed by the more pathetic kind of adoration paid her by youths generally diffident in the presence of the too dazzling sex, and not widely experienced in the art of entertaining them. It is not difficult to conceive what a halo of glory must invest these nymphs of the alcoholic fountain in the eyes of many humble and sensitive city clerk. No doubt there are to be found even in the prosaic surroundings of bank or office ardent poetical temperaments to which some richly adorned successor to Hebe's throne would naturally present the stimulus to poetic dream and lyric ecstasy. To such the daily appearance of this magic creature must be as the illumination of their whole firmament by some resplendent orb. Half timorous, they hold themselves awhile at a respectful distance; and it is only after the worshipped one has condescended to smile on them, as on the rest of her public, in dispensing her bounties, that they venture on a nearer approach. To most women, we suspect, this incense from weak and inexperienced youth is very graceful. Hence it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the exalted public functionaries of whom we speak should once and again find themselves entangled in the meshes of a tender half-maternal sort of *liaison* with some juvenile frequenter of their establishment.

We think, then, that ample allowance should be made for the feminine weaknesses which are certainly discoverable in these consecrated servants of the public. It cannot be supposed that a young woman fresh from the country will be able at once completely to smother every trace of girlish folly; and, beset as she is with such crafty and powerful corruptors, it is only natural perhaps that even in the midst of her most responsible offices a close observer may detect survivals of her primitive feminine culture. No doubt it would be very much better for the whole of her public if the waitress at our railway restaurants and elsewhere were completely exempt from these characteristics of her sex. It is notorious, for example, that she habitually gives the preference to all male comers, and renders her services to members of her own sex as disagreeable as possible by a certain jaunty air of superiority. One does not well see how this could be otherwise. The barmaid, accustomed to the undisguised admiration of the stronger sex, comes to regard herself as set high above the social position

grudgingly accorded to her by the more refined world, and she is naturally anxious to impress this assurance of moral elevation on her lady clients. Indeed one not unfrequently hears of brilliant achievements of social rank effected by these ambitious persons through the instrumentality of marriage. When a young woman feels that the proud lady she is at this moment serving may next year be below her in the plutocratic scale, it is not to be wondered at that her courtesy is of the scantiest. To the barmaid as to other young women men are possibilities of marriage, and hence have a value and claim a respect not belonging to members of her own sex.

There are one or two curious questions that present themselves in connexion with the life of a barmaid. When, for example, she yields to the fascination of certain youthful admirers, how does she manage to keep the competing suitors from open conflict? It seems not an uncommon thing for the most favoured of the class to have a nice little swarm of gentlemen friends buzzing their dronish music about her counter. Yet we never witnessed any unseemly collision between these rivals. A conflict of males around an elegant buffet, such as Mr. Darwin so quaintly describes as arising among beetles and other tiny animals, would be a very odd, though a somewhat disagreeable, spectacle. How the splendid object of these rival adulations manages to obviate this has always seemed to us a very mysterious matter. Then, too, one would like to know whether any members of the profession are philosophically inclined, and, if so, what their reflections are likely to be upon the male character. Few, if any, women within the precincts of respectable society have better opportunities of studying the characteristics of the opposite sex; and, if disposed to psychological observation, they might, we imagine, be able to acquaint the rest of the world with some curious facts bearing on the moral dignity of man.

DENBIGHSHIRE AND THE VALE OF CLWYD.

THAT which constitutes the attraction of Denbighshire and the Vale of Clwyd to the tourist is the surprise of green meadows and fertilizing streams, yellow cornlands and rich woodland scenery, numerous villages and parish churches—in short, the rural and civilized aspect of the country—coming after the bleak, barren grandeur of Carnarvonshire or Merionethshire. Nor is this surprise rendered less agreeable by an utter absence of the mountain scenery which the traveller in North Wales has learned to expect; for towards the east its hills, among which are Moel Ffenlli and Moel Fannau, are as it were a continuous battlement to the plain; there are occasional grand views of the Welsh mountains proper to the west, and on the south the far-stretching Berwyn range above Corwen forms no inconsiderable rampart. It is indeed from Corwen and its railway station, now happily connecting the Vale of Clwyd with West and East, with Bala and Llangollen, that the visitor will do best to enter Denbighshire; for there is really but little to attract in Rhyl, except the sea, which is seldom to be seen, and a promise of accommodation and entertainment, for which a high remuneration is required, and which, so far as our experience goes, is ill fulfilled. Not that much praise can be awarded to the more inland hosteries of the Vale and country, if we except the "Wynnstay," "Hand," and "Castle," at Wrexham, Llangollen, and Ruthin respectively, and an unpretending, but very snug, wayside inn, deserving to be better known, the "Plough" at St. Asaph. If, however, we enter Denbighshire from the south, the features which we referred to at the outset force themselves on the mind and eye. If we cannot say of it all that an old Latin Rhythmist said of a county on the Welsh border,

Unda et silva frequens, femina, lana, seges,

at all events for water, woods, and wool it may hold its own with ease. Without attempting a plenary claim to the Dee, which, rising beyond Bala, enters this county a little to the west of Llangollen, crossing the south angle of it, and as it passes Overton, Bangor Iscoed, and Holt forming the boundary line between it and Cheshire, it asserts the almost entire right to the Clwyd, which from its source almost to its mouth is a Denbighshire river, scarcely identifying itself with Flint till it becomes the Vowyd, or tidal portion of the river. The Clwyd washes its two chief historic towns Ruthin and Denbigh, whereas, when it enters Flint, it divides with the Elwy whatever of prestige may arise from the Cathedral of St. Asaph, which indeed gets its Welsh name "Llanelywy" from the latter. The character of the Elwy is as romantic and wild as the mountains towards Llanwrst from which it springs, while the Clwyd is more of the tranquil lowland type. Along the former and the Aled we look not in vain for the cataracts and waterfalls which are more plentiful in Carnarvon and Merioneth; in the course of the latter we come upon the fertile plains of what Drayton calls "Clwyd's most precious lap," and the well-to-do heights where men have built their towns and cities to dwell in, by reason of having fruits of the earth to gather in, and wealth gotten therefrom to keep or to lose.

Tokens, by the way, of such wealth and plenty are seen in the Denbighshire churches, old and new, which their founders and restorers have seen meet to adorn with carved roofs and other ornament, not content with the capital red and free stone which the county supplies from its abundance of quarries. We refer not so much to the exceptionally grand churches of Llanwrst on the western, and of Wrexham, Holt, and Gresford on the eastern border of Denbighshire—all remarkable, as may be seen in Mr. Lloyd Williams's *Churches of Denbighshire*,

for the lavish wealth of stall, screen, and roof-carving which graces the interior of these fine Perpendicular structures—not yet to that ruined pile, the object of many an archaeologist's pilgrimage, the Cistercian Abbey of Valle Crucis. The village churches right and left of the railway or of the pedestrian's path are mostly found to possess some architectural interest, and to enshrine some altarpiece or rood-loft, or other evidence of the pious munificence of founders and benefactors. Named for the most part from some Welsh saint, Collen, Marchel, Cynhafal, Dyfnog, and the like—for which readers may consult, if they please, the *Lives of the Cambro-British Saints* in the Welsh MSS. Society's publications—these churches deserve commemoration for their many interesting features, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the passer-by. Commonly they are found to have a double aisle, the one equal and parallel with the other; often a bell-turret only instead of a tower or spire. But if we take the railway from Corwen to Rhyl, Derwen Church has a handsome rood-loft; Ruthin an elaborate perpendicular oak roof, curiously panelled and ornamented; Llanarmon-in-Yale its monumental effigies of a fourteenth-century knight and of a bishop; Llangynhafal and Llanrhaidr fine chancel roofs and good carving, and the latter a celebrated Jesse window at the east end. When we come to Denbigh itself the Church of St. Hilary within the precincts of the Castle is ugly and barnlike enough, though noticeable for its "squints" or "lychnoscopes" at each side of the chancel arch. But the old parish church of the town, some three-quarters of a mile from the station, variously styled Whitchurch from its white tower, and St. Marcella or Llanfarchall from the female saint to whom it is dedicated, has two parallel aisles divided by centre arches rising from light octagonal pillars; above which is a cornice rich in sculptured detail, and a hammer-beam roof arising from large corbels, and having for bosses a great variety of grotesque animal carving. We might go on to notice divers other old churches, such as Henllan, with its detached and massive square bell-tower, or the beautiful modern church of Trefnant, in a newly constituted district of the same parish, which, second to Bodelwyddan (near Rhyl and St. Asaph), the exquisite memorial church erected by the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke, may serve to show that in zeal for church-building modern Denbigh is not a whit behind ancient. Bodelwyddan is something more than an instance of what may be achieved by ungrudging expenditure—a proof of the feasibility of thoroughly harmonized taste in details and as a whole.

But it was only in passing that we meant to speak of the Denbighshire churches, which happily are in a fair way to have their *vates sacer* in the Rev. D. R. Thomas, the Rector of St. Mary's, Cefn, whose more than half-finished *History of the Diocese of St. Asaph* (published by James Parker and Co.) is very much more in aim and execution than many English dioceses can yet boast, being the work of an excellent scholar and antiquary qualified for his task alike by enthusiasm and research. Connected with the water of the county, as also with its churches, is a characteristic peculiarity of great archaeological interest—the frequent occurrence of "holy wells," vouchsafed of old by this or that patron saint, and not yet shorn of their healing power in the estimation of the simple rustics. We have noted elsewhere the wells of Cornwall. In the neighbouring county of Flint there is the famous well of St. Winifred, upon which it is not now within our scope to touch. But it is not every tourist who knows that within an easy walk of St. Asaph, or a short drive from Rhyl, in a lovely little valley enclosed by the Cefn rocks on one side, and by overhanging woods skirted by the winding Elwy on the other, there is a sort of twin "Holy well" called Ffynnon-fair, in the township of Wigfair (Mary's Grove). Out of the cavernous limestone formation a cold pure spring wells up at the rate, it is said, of one hundred gallons a minute, into a basin of hewn stone, with three of its sides formed into salient angles, from each point of which once rose a pier supporting arches and canopied work resembling those at Holywell. Adjoining the well are traces of a chapel anciently connected with St. Asaph, at which it would seem that marriages were solemnized up to 1640. Though, however, this Ffynnonfair long had the credit of healing virtues, and was held in popular veneration, it would appear that the march of civilization tended to the dilapidation of this woodland sanctuary. When the pilgrim's feet began to seek it less frequently, it offered a temptation to the local cottage-builder. Hence, for the preservation of so interesting an old memorial, it is just as well that the state of things no longer exists which Mrs. Hemans pictured apropos of this very Our Lady's Well:—

There is heard no Ave through thy bowers;
Thou art gleaming lone 'mid thy water-flowers:
But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
And there may be reaper his forehead lave;
And the woodman seeks thee not in vain—
Bright fount! thou art nature's own again!

The fact is that the well and the ruined chapel are enclosed by a protective iron railing, duly locked and barred, which no one will regret who cares for the maintenance of a feature so singularly characteristic of a district of springs and well-legends. Near the church of Llanrhaidr, three miles south-east of Denbigh, too, is an ancient well, Ffynnon St. Dyfnog, said to work miraculous cures, in gratitude for which the offerings of patients contributed to decorate the beautiful east window which tradition incorrectly assigns to the spoliation of Basingwerk Abbey. At Llangynhafal, a parish near Rhewl station, next beyond Ruthin, there is also a well on the hillside dedicated to St. Cynhafal,

formerly famous "for curing warts." This, we learn, was partly done by pricking them with a pin, which was afterwards thrown into the well. This parish, by the way, contains the famous Moel Famau within its partly unenclosed area. Yet another storied well is in the village of Llandegla, which gets its name from the patron, St. Tecla. Its waters were a specific for epilepsy, called hence St. Tecla's Disease. Llandegla is on the river Alun, and to the south of Ruthin, on the road to Wrexham. The ceremonies with which a patient had to comply were not a little complicated. A bath in the well, a walk thrice round it, a triple recital of the Lord's Prayer, and a votive offering of fourpence were scarcely half the business. A cock or hen, according to the sex of the patient, had to be offered to Tecla, and carried solemnly around the well, the church-yard, and the church. The votary then made a night of it in the chancel, sleeping under the altar, with its cloth for a coverlet and the Bible for a pillow. At daybreak he left the fowl in the church with another offering of sixpence; and, if the saint willed a cure, the disease passed to the bird, which forthwith died. No such traditions attach to the well and sulphur spring of Llandegley, in the county of Radnor and diocese of St. David's, though from the name we should surmise that it was dedicated to the same Saint, and it is certainly held in esteem for skin diseases. Quite to the north of the county, near to Colwyn, but higher up in the hills, is another famous well of different properties, Ffynnon Elian, or the "cursing well," about half a mile from the church of Llanellian. St. Elian's miracles seem to be miracles of a destructive or injurious tendency, wrought in response to a deposit or offering made for the purpose of calling down mischief on an enemy. This enemy's name was written in a book, a pin thrust through the name, and a pebble with his initials on it was thrown into the well. Not until the name was erased, and the pebble taken up, could the "ill-wished" person escape the tenacity of the curse. In the customs attaching to these wells, of which Denbigh preserves one or two other examples, Mr. Thomas, the historian of St. Asaph, sees with probability the survival of heathen and pre-Christian rites. The gift of healing assigned to the majority of them owes its acceptance doubtless to the miracle in the Pool of Bethesda, whose five porches, as the same writer notes, are reproduced not only at Holywell, in the structure enclosing St. Winifred's, but also in the ruins of St. Mary's Well, at Wigfair, and of Ffynnon Asa, near Cwmc and Ruddlan. On the whole, the churches of Denbighshire and their surroundings, in the shape of crosses, wells, and incised tombs, create a favourable impression of the piety and munificence of the county, though it must be owned that in one or two churches—Ruthin and another—the numbers of mural tablets of brass with pedigrees and arms have a vainglorious air, and suggest the idea that the coffin-plates have been nailed to the walls by an after-thought.

Apparently the vale and its sides have ever been a congenial soil for timber, for in Denbigh and Ruthin there are not a few old timbered houses of considerable interest, and, apart from the parks about Denbigh and St. Asaph, we come upon fine oaks, wyches, and ash in other parts of the county. In the circumscribed valley around Ffynnonfair are some very fine wyches, and, we fancy, walnuts. By the bridge over the Elwy at St. Asaph are some equally fine; in the moat around Ruthin Castle grow ash-trees fourteen feet in girth at five feet from the ground; and there are, or were till of late, three chestnuts, at Bachymbyd, the representatives of the daughters of Sir William Salusbury, and the memorials of the marriage of one of them with Sir Walter Bagot, into whose family the estate passed, the largest of which is thirty-five feet in girth, the smallest twenty-eight. Venerable yews, as might be expected, are found in the churchyards. As to wool and corn also, the district is "potens ubere gleba," but it is perhaps more interesting that it has been ever strong in men, "terra antiqua potens armis." This is shown by historic and prehistoric memorials. The caves at Cefn have yielded to search, amidst the fossil bones of extinct animals, the tibiae of so-called platythenemic men, and a kist-vaen in the same parish opened in 1869 revealed traces of more than a dozen skeletons of similar form. In the parish of Llanarmon, four miles or so from Ruthin, sepulchral tumuli have been opened in two or three sites, and have furnished skeletons (a horse and his rider), skulls, inurned ashes, and copper coins. Also on the hills between Nantglyn and Cerrig-y-Druidion there are traces of a square camp presumably Roman, whilst at Pen-y-gaer, the first tollgate on leaving the latter village, there have been discovered tokens of four distinct Roman roads. Elsewhere in the county there are divers British camps and tumuli; indeed "tomens" and mounds, kist-vaens and "cyytiaus," render the hills and slopes a most interesting field for the archaeologist. One thing which will strike the stranger is that a certain ubiquitous hero, Owain Glyndwr, has contrived to mix up his own history with almost every place of more ancient memorial; being met at starting on the conical fortified height of Castell Dinas Bran, a primitive Welsh castle above Llangollen; at a tumulus called Sychart or Sychnant, half-way between that town and Corwen; at Corwen itself; and upon the undoubtedly British camp of Caer Drewyn, on the opposite side of the Dee, as well as—to omit many other places—at Ruthin, which he burnt and raided on a fair-day in 1400. He did the same, as his manner was, by the cathedral of St. Asaph, developing an evenly balanced talent for utilizing or destroying the works of others. There is not much to see of Ruthin Castle, or, as it was called from its red sandstone material, Castell Coch; a modern castellated mansion

having superseded a great portion of the ruins, whilst the gardens and terraces have modernized, not without taste and good feeling, the fosse and outer courts of the Edwardian Castle. Thus much at least may be said for it and Denbigh, as well as for the lovely ruin of Valle Crucis Abbey, that the present owners cherish what yet remains in the way of antiquity. It is quite otherwise in Flintshire, with Flint Castle and Basingwerk Abbey; so that those who compare what is now left with the drawings by S. and N. Buck in 1742, or with the later ones of Pennant, will be puzzled to identify the present with the past. The site, breadth, and elevation of the ruins of Denbigh are grand and impressive, as if to match their history. The British "Craggy hill in Rhos" became the Dinbych or "hill-fort" of Prince David, Llewellyn's brother; and Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, erected the castle, of which we now see the ruined gateways and towers, after a grant of it to him from Edward I. It had a history and annals up to the restoration of Charles II., having passed into the hands of royal favourites and powerful nobles, and through the Mortimers into those of royalty itself. The old town, busy and alive still, has something of its ancient importance, though what would strike an Englishman as defective in civilization in its arrangements is that its booksellers' shops are out of sight and up passages.

To judge by two useful local handbooks—the Guide to the Vale of Clwyd by William Davis, and *Ancient and Modern Denbigh* by John Williams—the town and county have not lacked men of mark and merit since the building of the Edwardian castle. Great men from the Wars of the Roses to the Great Rebellion were the Myddeltons of Galch Hill and Gwaenynog; but none greater than Sir Hugh Myddelton, a cadet of the family in Elizabeth's reign, who in 1613 succeeded in bringing the waters of Amwell and Chadwell, in Herts, to London by the New River. His birthplace is still to be seen to the south-west of the old castle. Another native of old Denbigh, of Elizabethan date, also more famous in the arts of peace than of war, was Sir Richard Clough, a London merchant sprung from humble parents, but the partner of Sir Thomas Gresham, and the friend and patron of science and literature. Little has been said in these remarks of the women of Denbighshire; but our amends for the omission shall be to conclude with a story of one of them, connected with Sir Richard Clough:—

There was a portrait [says the author of *Ancient and Modern Denbigh*] of Catherine of Berains, date 1568, at Lleweni. She wore a locket (said to contain the hair of her second and favourite husband, Sir Richard Clough) suspended to her neck by a gold chain. She had four husbands, John Salusbury of Lleweni, Sir R. Clough of Denbigh, Morris Wynne of Gwydir, and Edward Thelwall. Tradition, always extravagant, has given this lady no less than seven husbands. It is said that when performing her last duty at the tomb of her first lord, she was escorted to church by Sir Richard Clough, and home by Morris Wynne of Gwydir, who expressed a wish to be her second spouse, and received the civil reply that his offer came then too late, for, in going to church, she had already promised her hand to Sir Richard; but that if she should be called to perform the same melancholy ceremony over that gallant knight, he might rest assured that he should be her third Benedict; a promise which she afterwards honourably performed.

Few will deny Katrin y Berens's title to a foremost place in any history of the women of Denbighshire.

A HOUSE FOR NOTHING.

SO much is said nowadays about cheap food, clothes, and fuel, that perhaps it may be useful to consider how we may get a cheap house in which to enjoy those comforts. Speaking generally, our houses are very dear, as we pay their fee-simple value for an occupation of a few years; and yet builders and landowners possess, as regards many of us, a practical monopoly which no form of co-operation has hitherto been able to defeat. A little book lately published, bearing the attractive title *A Freehold Villa for Nothing*, proves on examination to be merely an ornamental treatise on the advantages of Building Societies, which were tolerably well understood before. The principle of these Societies, like that of life insurance, is sound; but we know how the latter principle has been abused, and people will not easily be persuaded that the former is not liable to similar abuse. Indeed, when we examine the chapter of this book which professes to answer objections to the system of Building Societies, we find an admission that their claim to confidence rests on the same footing as that of Insurance Companies, which are now so generally distrusted. "In these Societies, the characters as well as the names of the promoters, chairmen, secretaries, and directors should be ascertained, and their standing and reputation must form the chief guarantee for the ultimate success and well-being of the Societies." The guarantee here mentioned has been tried exhaustively, and too often found wanting. Men of "standing and reputation" have been made the tools of clever scoundrels, until it has almost come to this—that the more respectable are the names in a prospectus, the more suspicion ought to be excited by the scheme. Circumspection and caution are said in the book before us to be necessary in selecting and transacting business with Building Societies as in other affairs of life. Unhappily there are many persons so scantily supplied with these articles that they are obliged so to arrange their lives that there may be as little call for their exercise as possible. They are able to order a dinner, engage a servant, or take on yearly tenancy a house; but they do not feel themselves equal to judging of the prospects of a Building Society, and they have at least so much caution as to keep out of matters

which they do not understand. We are further told that the Society, for its own sake, will take some care that any building or purchasing scheme entered into with its' money is not of too extravagant or speculative a character; but this is the most unstable of all grounds of confidence. Judging from ordinary observation, we should say that the principle of Building Societies has not been applied to anything like the extent that might have been expected; and the explanation of this reluctance may, we think, be found in the very pages which were written for encouragement. There are some certain, and other undefined or imaginary, risks. To those who cannot trust themselves to estimate these risks, the only alternative is to rely upon the character of the managers; and that reliance has been rudely shaken by the failures of great Companies during the last few years.

It must be owned, however, that this form of co-operation has received less attention than it deserved. On looking over the records of the last ten years, we do not find that Building Societies have largely occupied the attention of the Court of Chancery. There have been some cases which have been keenly litigated, but the legal decisions obtained in them have probably governed many other cases in which litigation has been avoided. The object of a Building Society is to raise a fund, by periodical subscriptions, for the purpose of enabling its members to purchase land and build houses. Some of these Societies aim at creating county votes, while others merely seek to provide their members with comfortable houses. When a Society has existed long enough to have accumulated a sufficient capital, it makes advances to members, who are chosen either by ballot or more frequently by tender. Suppose the terms of subscription to be such that at the end of fifteen years the accumulated capital could be divided so that each member would receive 100*l.*, and suppose that at the end of two years the Society is prepared to advance 100*l.* each to two or more members, then the members who offer to allow the highest discount on these advances are usually selected to receive them. In the case of an existing Society which is doing considerable business, an advance can usually be obtained immediately on joining it. A person who determines to buy a plot of land and build a house upon it goes to such a Society and takes as many shares as will entitle him to the advance which he requires. He is bound to repay this advance with interest by instalments extending over a certain number of years, and it is obvious that he is not in danger from any mismanagement of the Society, because he has received the money which he required, and he cannot be called upon to repay it otherwise than according to his contract. The liability on his shares is limited, and the consideration for this liability is a loan which he could not otherwise have procured. On the other hand, if he buys a plot of land in a good situation, and builds a substantial house upon it, the Society has good security for the advance which it has made to him. Thus the transaction is on both sides advantageous, and neither side incurs any uncertain liability. But it is obvious that such advances cannot be obtained to an extent sufficient to affect the supply of houses in the metropolis or a large town, unless there are many Building Societies in existence which have the disposal of considerable capital. But a considerable capital must be invested according to the judgment of a body of directors, who are probably directed by a secretary or manager; and we all know from the experience of ourselves or our friends what is likely to become of the capital under these circumstances. Further, the amount which each shareholder can subscribe to a Building Society is limited to 200*l.* under the Building Societies Acts; and although a larger Society might be formed on nearly the same plan under the Joint Stock Companies' Acts, it is very unlikely that, after all the experience of the last ten years, even clergymen and elderly ladies could be persuaded to hand over 100,000*l.* or so to a body of directors to be played with. The sight of a prospectus of a "Building and Investment Company, Limited," is enough to give one a cold shiver, and it would take some years of prudent and prosperous management to establish such an undertaking in public confidence; and that confidence would, in all probability, be ultimately abused. The history of Overend, Gurney, and Co. is that of many other firms and Companies. Years of thrift accumulate wealth and attract confidence, which are then recklessly destroyed and dissipated.

These are, we believe, some of the reasons why the inviting picture of *A Freehold Villa for Nothing* is unlikely to be realized in practice. There is a proverb that "fools build and wise men buy," and if a man at the outset of his married life thinks that he is likely to reside in the same neighbourhood for fifteen or twenty years, and if he can command the money to buy a freehold or leasehold house, he will do well to do so. But it is impossible to buy or build a house without money, and if a man has no money, he must either pay rent for his house or obtain the assistance of a Society or individual to buy or build it. The supposed owner of the freehold villa which cost nothing may be considered as a modern Robinson Crusoe. The adventures of that shipwrecked mariner are credible; and yet his successive escapes from drowning, starvation, and being eaten by savages form, to say the least, a combination of circumstances which in real life would be found exceptional. So "the good fortune to find a piece of ground for sale in the best part of the outskirts" of the town in which one lives does not occur to every person who would like to build a house. The imaginary author of the story found a friend to join him in a plan of building for each of them a semi-detached villa on this plot of land. They submitted their plans to a Building Society, and "through the kindness of the excellent President, to whom we

were both known," the plans were approved, and no objection was made to lending them the whole of the money they asked for. We fear that the kindness of an excellent President, however convenient to those who happened to enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance, might have serious consequences to the institution whose destinies he guided. However, the two friends completed the purchase of the land, divided it equally, drew from the Society just the money required, and mortgaged the land with all they might put on it as a security for repayment. "A builder who worked with cordiality and good faith" seems to us almost as surprising and abnormal a creature as the benevolent President of a commercial Company, and we must remark that Crusoe met only one Man Friday among the savages. Then, again, the situation of the villa which was to be built for nothing was exceptionally favourable. It was in the best part of the outskirts of the town in which the owner lived, upon a broad good road, had been well drained, was well lighted with gas, and restrictions laid on the adjoining property prevented the erection of inferior houses, or the introduction of taverns, shops, or places of business. The owner and all his neighbours were prevented from building within a certain distance from the road, so that all the houses should have front gardens of the same depth. The land had not been laid out in even-sized plots with uniform houses, "like the melancholy-looking projections of some Land and Building Societies." In fact, the situation was cheerful, genteel, and salubrious, with good roads, drainage, gas, and all other conveniences; and it was close to the town where the owner had to do his daily business. Such a combination of advantages could only be paralleled by

Some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heaved;
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undeviated;

and which Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe, together with the lady's boxes, might conveniently reach by steamboat built on the saloon principle, and carrying a good cook. We will not follow the author's description of the villa, because the feelings of an angel who surveys a paradise which he cannot enter are disagreeable. It is possible, however, that Satan might have found some fault with Eden, and the mention of "two cisterns supplied with the Company's water" is suggestive of sickness, to be followed by scientific analysis which would discover an undue proportion of organic matter in this water. This apprehension would be more serious, because if the site were far removed from "taverns, shops, or places of business," there would be almost no facility for substituting mild beer for suspicious water. We had forgotten to mention an advantage which even Mr. and Mrs. Crusoe on their island could not enjoy—namely, that "the most fashionable church of the district" was visible from the drawing-room window of the villa. The villa was built and furnished to the entire satisfaction of the owner; he lived in it or let it for fifteen years, and the rent during that period exactly repaid the Society's loan, with interest. Thus the author of the story got his house for nothing. But if the proverb above quoted were true, it is to be feared that the more common experience of amateur builders is to get nothing corresponding to the outlay for a house.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

VII.

WE propose now to give some account of the old and historic works scattered about the Galleries. The assemblage, though much less systematic and complete than the "Loom Collection" in London in 1862, and the "Histoire du Travail et Monuments Historiques" in Paris in 1867, is not without a value of its own. The period of time comprised is as wide as the styles of art illustrated are diversified. Here are pre-historic remains, Etruscan, Roman, and Byzantine works, Italian, Gothic, Renaissance and still later products, severally identified with the local history of Germany, Hungary, France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. The want of arrangement, chronological or other, and the absence of a catalogue render a description of the collection all the more difficult. We must content ourselves with a transcript of notes made on the spot.

The Vienna Exhibition shows a large area of Europe occupied by pre-historic remains. The contributions from Switzerland are especially numerous; the several ages of Stone, of Bronze, and of Iron receive illustration by many hundred specimens. Denmark and Scandinavia give but slight proof of their unexampled treasures; the unsurpassed National Museums of Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm do not appear to have been put under contribution. Italy, chiefly known for highly developed arts, now shows what her people were doing in primeval periods; the "Regia Università di Roma" exhibits flint implements from Perugia, Todi, Nepi, and Palermo. Also an account is published with illustrations of the pre-historic monuments of the Stone age in the Archaeological Museum, Ancona, collected by the Commission for the Preservation of Monuments. Passing to Germany, the materials at command for the elucidation of these dark periods appear to be all but exhaustless; the two great Museums at Mayence and at Pesth are remarkably rich in pre-historic remains. Pesth sends to Vienna a small selection from the "Hungarian National Museum." Her antiquaries claim for stone implements and works in metal, exhumed from Hungarian soil, local or other distinctive characteristics. The Stone

epoch is said to be allied to that in Switzerland. Advancing onwards to the Metal period, at first copper appears to have been used in Hungary in place of bronze. A lump of tin has been found which belongs to a time when that metal was not known save in the Scilly Islands. Coral also has been met with in Hungary, which is supposed to have come from the Red Sea; a fancied connexion is even traced with Mexico; but this last conjecture, we suppose, must be set down to that spirit of romance from which Hungarian antiquaries cannot be held to be exempt. Herr Franz von Pulsky, who kindly places his personal knowledge at the disposition of any truth-seeking tourist, states that the Bronze period in Hungary lasted till the time of Augustus; the immediately succeeding age of Iron is fitly identified with the coming of the Romans. In Vienna it has been made more than ever evident what valuable material Hungary offers to the student of historic monuments.

The Exhibition affords abundant evidence of the supremacy of the Romans in Germany; the Central Museum in Mayence and the National Museum in Pesth are the chief repositories of these "Römisch-Germanische" remains. The former is represented by casts coloured as facsimiles; from the latter come a few original works, among which is conspicuous a unique Roman vase in bronze, inlaid with gold and silver. This gem was discovered in 1832 near the Hungarian town of Oedenburg, an important Roman station south-east of Vienna. On the same site many other Roman antiquities have been exhumed. This small vase, or ewer, is exquisite in form and detail; there are standing figures of gold inlay; the ethnologic type, the art style, and the head gear are Egyptian; the period is supposed to be that of Hadrian—a time when Roman art fell under Egyptian influence. Roman remains have also been sent to the Exhibition from Gratz, the capital town of Styria, situated south of Vienna on the Semmering Railway; likewise some fine Roman bronzes come from the private collection of Herr Franz von Pulsky, director of the Pesth Museum. But, with comparatively few exceptions, the classic remains which have found their way to Vienna are provincial in character; the works produced in Germany under the Roman dominion naturally partook of the rude nature of the local art. And it would seem probable that pure products, such as the above-mentioned vase, belong to Germany, not as local manufactures, but as importations from the Roman side of the Alps. This distinction between provincial and imperial workmanship is borne out by a large mass of evidence. Thus "the Hildesheim treasures," of which there are reproductions in Vienna, are, in all probability, like importations; while, on the contrary, from Pesth come figures, not only of a degenerate classic style, but of an anomalous character, identified with local races and influences. Analogous hybrid styles are found in the Kertch and other collections of the Hermitage, wherein the foreign classic art has intermingled with the art indigenous to the soil. In the Pesth Museum a room is specially set apart to the "Völkerwanderungs-Periode." The strange mixture of races found to this day in the capital of Hungary has its counterpart in the art collection which reflects the chequered history of the nation.

The great historic Museums of Germany contribute to Vienna representative works belonging to the early revival or to the subsequent developments of Teutonic arts. Thus there are examples of the Romanesque, Byzantine, and Gothic periods in Germany. Reverting to the Museum at Pesth, we find contributions of that exceptional character which we are taught to look for on the Eastern frontier of the Austrian Empire. Among such remains some of the most remarkable are enamels both early and comparatively late. Of the former is a figure of Christ within a vesica piscis, surrounded by emblems of the four Evangelists; the types and the treatment are distant from those of Western Europe. There are also nine or more small enamels with figures, and encircling arabesques, fine in execution, and almost Eastern in tone and disposition of colour. Other examples verge more on Byzantine or Russian styles; of these are rich combinations of floral and foliated forms, the enamel being combined with filigree-work, diamonds, rubies, and pearls. These elaborate personal ornaments come from Transylvania, the easternmost province of Hungary—a country abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones, and peopled by mixed races who have long been skilled in the working of metals and minerals. Here then, again, we find complete correspondence between the outward conditions and the art products; the races are mixed, and so are the styles; the people were semi-barbaric, accordingly the decorative arts inclined to be gaudy and garish; the territory lies towards the Eastern frontier of Europe, and consequently we find in colour and ornamentation an approach to Turkish and Russian styles. In Transylvania this use of enamel may be traced back to the fifteenth century, and with modifications it subsists down to the present day in the form of showy and comparatively cheap jewelry. The contributions to the Vienna Exhibition are necessarily restricted; but we are informed of further acquisitions at Pesth which will enable the authorities of the National Museum to display a complete historic series of Hungarian enamels. The contributions from the other chief Museum of Germany call for but slight notice. The loans from Berlin are scanty; Prussia, in fact, in no department evinces much love for Austria. Two other Museums, one in Nuremberg, the other in Munich, which severally answer to the Hôtel de Cluny in Paris, not being able to spare original works, are represented by reproductions. The conclusion forced upon the stranger is that Germany is remarkably rich in remains reaching from Romanesque and Byzantine periods

right through the Gothic development. The treasures in the way of enamels, tapestries, stone, iron, and wood work already collected in Museums which are daily in course of further augmentation would furnish ample materials and illustrations for volumes similar to the French works of M. Viollet-le-Duc.

Nuremberg has placed in the Vienna Exhibition a statement as to the "Germanisches National-Museum" located in an old monastery within her walls. The purpose of the Museum is to illustrate, by means of historic remains, the life of the German people and the growth of civilization in the nation. The private life in past centuries is shown in domestic wood-work, metal-work, &c.; the religious life by church furniture and sacred utensils; the municipal and the intellectual life through archives of trading guilds, manuscripts, printed documents, &c. The Nuremberg Museum, like that at Kensington, is enriched by loans; it also opens its doors to periodic exhibitions, and is solicitous of friendly relations and reciprocity of action with other Museums throughout the world. The authorities, by means of a periodical publication, and also by an illustrated Catalogue, by engravings, photographs, and reproductions, seek to disseminate at home and abroad the knowledge of the Germanic phases of historic arts. The reason why all this is brought to the notice of visitors to the Vienna Exhibition seems to be that the Nuremberg Museum does not belong to Bavaria exclusively, but to collective Germany; in fact, this German Museum is supported by voluntary subscriptions and free gifts from separate States and private individuals, and subsists for the benefit of all Germans alike. The future of the institution appears to be assured by the increased support obtained. And when the other day on our return from the Vienna Exhibition we visited Nuremberg, after an absence of two years, almost the only institution which had moved onwards was this German Museum.

Italy is conspicuous in modern painting and sculpture, but she does not contribute many products of the middle ages. The examples of majolica and of Gubbio lustre ware are neither numerous nor remarkable. The Museum of Murano, through its Director, Signor Zanetti, makes a long statement for the purpose of showing under Group 22 how much it has served to promote art industry and to improve the general taste. This Museum was fitly established in Murano with the end of bringing together all works, old as well as modern, which might serve to illustrate or advance the art of working in glass, for which the island and its inhabitants are known to have been famous for centuries. When last we visited the Museum we found it to be well placed and wisely planned. It is right that the attention of Austria should be specially directed to the glass fabrics of Murano; no manufactures can possibly be more opposed than the vitreous products of Venice and of Bohemia here brought to Vienna in competition. The glass of Murano has certainly the advantage in historic antecedents; like other Italian products, it can point to a long pedigree.

The Loan Collections in the Vienna Exhibition contain even more than the usual amount of miscellanies. The Oriental works are less remarkable than might have been looked for in this Eastern capital. The ancient arms and armour in no way represent the resources of Germany; the Arsenal in Vienna and the Museums of Dresden and Pesth have assuredly not been impoverished in order to enrich the Exhibition. On the tops of the cases are ranged no end of mugs and pots of all ages and countries. More worthy of attention are two collections of coins. One is described in a ponderous volume entitled "Des Hohen Deutschen Ritter-Ordens Münzsammlung in Wien." Another case has, by way of explanation, attached to it a work treating of the "Fürstlichen Hochstiftes Olmütz Münzen und Medaillen nach der zu Kremsier befindlichen Sammlung verzeichnet und beschrieben." This last collection is specially rich in ecclesiastical specimens of the numismatic arts. Almost the only contribution from England is a case full of English silver belonging to the reigns of Elizabeth, Charles I. and II., of James II., William and Mary, and of George I. and II.

The Northern nations of Europe make themselves known as usual by curiosities which lie on the borderlands of barbarism and civilization. We would willingly have been spared, after the surfeit at South Kensington, any further display of the coarse peasant jewelry of Scandinavia. Such personal ornaments have about as much to do with art as the mock crowns worn on the itinerant stage of village fairs. Also rude, yet of exceptional interest, is a curious collection illustrative of the household industry of Sweden in the olden times. The needlework and the wood-carvings are primitive, almost barbaric. Here also are some of the notched calendars, an ancient mode of reckoning time and recording church festivals, which remained in use in Norway down to the eighteenth century. But in Vienna there is no carving comparable to the doors from the wooden church at Flaa of the twelfth century, sent from Norway to the great Paris Exhibition; in fact, it is only in the Museums of Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm that one can understand the remarkable age of Wood which was coeval with the vast forests of Scandinavia. But these Northern nations likewise send to Vienna proofs that they not only passed through periods of Stone and of Wood but also reached an age of Gold. Yet what appears remarkable in the plaques and coins contributed is their non-local character. In the Museums of Christiania and of Stockholm are works in the precious metals as clearly belonging to Scandinavia as the greater part of the collection in Dublin pertains to the soil of Ireland. But the designs now seen in Vienna show classic and Byzantine influence; if the surface decoration can be clearly identified with Scandinavia, the Eastern or Southern origin of Northern arts would become something

better than a conjecture. But against this conclusion is the undoubtedly fact that some of the works bearing a classic or Byzantine impress which have been dug up in Scandinavian territory are nothing else than importations from afar. In Vienna at this moment the ethnology of the ancient arts might be worked out under peculiar advantages. The result probably would be an approach to greater unity than is commonly supposed. Still, however far back the investigation may be carried, the originating centres of art will in all likelihood remain as numerous as the national seats of civilization.

THE THEATRES.

THE clever actor who has undertaken the part of Richelieu is supported by a manager skilled in the art of advertising. The playbill of the Lyceum Theatre states that the profound impression produced on the first night of Mr. Irving's performance has been "subsequently endorsed by the enthusiasm of crowded and intellectual audiences." It is rather hard that we cannot bestow applause, which is certainly deserved, on this performance without being described as "endorsing" a profound impression. The manager's conception of an "intellectual audience" may be different from ours, but we believe that the use of American vulgarisms in speech is still avoided by educated Englishmen. We can imagine Lord Lytton's horror at being told that intellectual enthusiasm endorsed the impression made on the first night of his play. Perhaps we cannot better gauge the decline of the national theatre than by observing that Mr. Bateman, with his "archaeological costumes" and his endorsements of profound impressions, has succeeded Mr. Macready as the manager who produces *Richelieu*. The play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in 1839. Mr. Macready took the chief part, Mr. Phelps took the small part of Joseph, Mr. Anderson, who is now acting at Drury Lane Theatre, was De Mauprat, and Mr. Elton was the King; while Miss H. Faust performed Julie. The play was doubtless well put upon the stage; but the public of that day had not learned to accept "archaeological costumes" as a substitute for a thoroughly efficient cast. It is satisfactory to see Mr. Irving advancing beyond the conscience-stricken murderer's line of business, and although we cannot say much for his supporters, it is at any rate a gain to art that he is put into a play which does not rest wholly on himself. The gentleman who performs the King has doubtless been engaged for the sake of a droll afterpiece, and it is not his fault if a portion of the "intellectual audience" take it as a joke when he tries to look serious. Julie addresses to the King an eloquent appeal for mercy to De Mauprat, her husband, which ends with the impressive lines:—

But spare this life, thus lonely, scathed, and bloomless;
And when thou stand'st for judgment on thine own,
The deed shall shine beside thee as an angel.

The King, "much affected," as the stage-copy of the play says, but not relinquishing his foul purpose, bids her annul her marriage with De Mauprat, and become the bride of Baradas. Julie, in despair, exclaims:—

Oh thou sea of shame,
And not one star.

Miss Isabel Bateman fairly sustained her part in this pathetic scene; and it must be admitted that Mr. Clayton is "much affected," and in "evident emotion" at the proper places. But unfortunately the result is something like that of seeing Mr. Belmore at the same theatre in *Oliver Cromwell*. That popular low comedian performed with commendable gravity, and indeed with entire propriety, the part allotted to him; and yet it was difficult to persuade oneself that he had not some comic purpose in cutting off the King's head. Mr. Clayton conveys, no doubt unintentionally, the idea that he thinks it a good joke that he should be playing such a part as King Louis XIII. at all; but as he must play it, his notion of the thing is, that the King, thinking Richelieu dead, was going to be jolly, and that it is an awful bore to find that he is alive. We have no fault to find with Mr. Irving's performance of *Richelieu*, nor do we think that it calls for extravagant commendation. The effort to make what are called points is stimulated in modern actors by the same condition of public taste as demands gorgeous decoration. The speech beginning

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great, and raise the low,

is one of the finest in the play. The best actor and speaker of this, or any other time, might exert all his skill upon that speech, and although we might be powerfully impressed by it, we might not easily describe any particular tone or gesture; but we could easily describe, if it were worth while, Mr. Irving's attitude when he launches the curse of Rome. We should not refer to this passage particularly if it had not been selected by the critics for special laudation of Mr. Irving, and all we have to say upon it is, that Mr. Irving would do well not to strive too much for this species of commendation. He is a very clever actor who is trying to act Richelieu, but it might be possible for an actor less anxious to display his cleverness to show us Richelieu himself. Such acting as that of Mr. Irving in this scene is powerful in the sense that it calls forth vehement applause, which, however, comes from habit rather than from judgment. The manager virtually avows that he looks solely to Mr. Irving to make the play succeed, and the actor feels that he must come up to the great

occasion. Thus we get a straining after effect which is sometimes rather painful. It should be remembered that this play was not written for Mr. Irving, and that it contains more than one character. It was not perhaps easy to make more of the secondary characters, but it would be possible to make rather less of the character of Richelieu. If the original cast of the play be considered, it will appear that Mr. Macready did not take the entire weight of it upon his own shoulders.

Mr. Byron has written what he calls a new comedy for the Olympic Theatre. With sincere respect for a writer who has afforded much amusement to the public, we must say that almost all his plays are so alike that they leave no distinct impression on the mind. The only difference between this play, which he calls *Sour Grapes*, and others by the same hand, is that it contains fewer jokes; but, on the other hand, it contains many characters which are for the most part well sustained. Mr. H. Neville, who now manages this theatre, was for a long time a valuable member of the company playing the *School for Scandal* at the Vaudeville. He has enlisted in his new company Mr. Righton and Mr. W. H. Fisher, who will be long remembered as two of the original trio of the *Happy Land*. The weight of the piece rests principally on Mr. Righton, who as a barrister willing to improve his prospects by marriage or politics, is both witty himself and the cause of wit in others on the subject of his profession. All this, however, has been heard many times before. But an agreeable freshness is given to the play by the introduction of a West-country farm-labourer and his sweetheart. Mr. G. W. Anson, an actor new to London, amused the audience immensely by his rough talk and uncouth endearments, and he was well supported by Miss Emma Chambers. A well-known actress, Mrs. Stephens, has also a part in this play. Mr. Neville's own part is not much, but he helps to carry off the sentimental scenes. He deserves credit for collecting a good company, instead of trusting to himself or to any other single actor. His system of management is infinitely preferable in our view to that of the Lyceum, where everything is made to depend on Mr. Irving.

A remarkable play, ascribed in the playbill to Messrs. Tom Taylor and John Saunders, has been produced at the Globe Theatre. It is "a story of Lancashire industry," or, in other words, a dramatic representation of the substitution of machinery for hand-labour in cotton-spinning. Recent experience has inspired dread of plays founded on recent history, and particularly on that branch of history which may be called, to use a word of the day, "industrial." The vicissitudes of the life of Arkwright furnish, however, a subject capable of dramatic treatment, and Mr. Tom Taylor can scarcely help cooking well if only he happens to have any meat. It is matter of ordinary knowledge that Arkwright was by training a barber, and by choice a travelling dealer in hair, and that he invented or obtained for some time the credit of inventing a machine which was the foundation of the "industrial" prosperity of Lancashire as we now see it. It has been alleged, and probably with truth, that another person had invented a machine substantially the same as Arkwright's while he was a child. The history of almost all great inventions is in this respect the same. The minds of many men are travelling at nearly equal pace, and by slightly different roads, towards the same discovery. But Arkwright did undoubtedly reduce to practical shape the principle of spinning cotton by machinery, and he applied it so as, in spite of enormous difficulties, to realize a fortune of half a million for himself and to supply to other manufacturers the means of realizing countless millions. The first mill erected for spinning cotton by rollers was worked by horse-power; but afterwards water-power was used, and the thread was called water-twist as in the play. An association of manufacturers attempted to repeal Arkwright's patent, and involved him in costly litigation in which both sides were alternately successful, as usually happens when litigants are plentifully supplied with money. A clockmaker named Kay was produced as a witness upon the question of originality of invention, and a verdict was found against Arkwright upon his testimony. This story properly manipulated for stage purposes becomes the domestic drama called *Arkwright's Wife*. The travelling hair-dealer offers to buy the golden crop of a pretty girl whose father has reduced himself and her to poverty by neglecting ordinary work in pursuit of an invention for spinning cotton. After a little talk he offers to buy not only the girl's hair, but the girl herself, or in other words to marry her, and take her dreamy father to live with them at Bolton. He takes a hint from the old man's unfinished machine, improves it, and is on the road to fortune, when the old man, through jealousy, incites his daughter to destroy her husband's machine, telling her that this is the only way to save him and her from ruin. The picture which is drawn in several scenes of the poverty and distress incurred by many families in pursuit of the great invention for cotton-spinning is only too true to history. The rash act of the wife causes quarrel and separation, but only checks for a while the rising tide of Arkwright's fortune. A reconciliation is effected eighteen years afterwards, when Arkwright has become a knight, a rich man, and high sheriff of his county. The father-in-law, Peter Hayes, is obviously the Kay of history. This character is skilfully and strongly drawn, and it is acted most satisfactorily by Mr. Emery, who seems just now to be the Atlas who supports the Globe. The play was received with as much applause as half a theatre could supply. There are probably not many of the upper

class of paying playgoers now in town, but when a manager opens his theatre after the recess, we expect to find that it has been to some extent cleaned and decorated, and he would not, if he were wise, omit the process of "papering" the stalls.

REVIEWS.

SIR WILLIAM COVENTRY.*

SIR WILLIAM COVENTRY was a very distinguished member of Parliament and statesman in the reign of Charles II. During the first nine years of the reign he held important offices—Secretary to the Lord High Admiral (the Duke of York), and then a Commissioner of the Treasury, when, on the death of the Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer, in 1667, the Treasury was put into commission. The first office is described by Clarendon, who much disliked Coventry, as "very honourable under such a master, and in itself of the greatest profit next the Secretary of State, if they in that respect be to be preferred." He acquired in these offices a great official reputation, which was strengthened by the display of marked ability in the House of Commons. He was the life and soul of the Treasury Commission. "I perceive," says Samuel Pepys, on one occasion, "Sir William Coventry is the man, and nothing done till he comes" (*Diary*, August 23, 1667). When Coventry was removed, the Duke of Albemarle, one of the Commissioners, and not particularly friendly to him, said that nothing would now be well done at the Treasury (*Pepys's Diary*, March 10, 1669). He was chiefly instrumental in breaking the power of Clarendon, and preparing the way for his dismissal from office; but he was not implicated in the heartless malice and cruelty which aggravated his fall. He blamed Clarendon's mismanagements, but did not impugn his honour. Public opinion at this time designated him for the highest office in the kingdom. Bishop Burnet says of him, after Clarendon's fall, that "he was in a fair way to be the Chief Minister, and deserved it more than all the rest did." Coventry told Samuel Pepys that the Duke of Buckingham, who succeeded Clarendon in chief power, "did desire to join with him of all men in England, and did bid him propound himself to be Chief Minister of State, saying that he would bring it about, but that he, Coventry, refused to have anything to do with any faction" (*Diary*, March 6, 1669). This mad scapge, Buckingham, took it into his head to prepare a play to be brought out at one of the two public theatres, caricaturing Coventry. Pepys describes how Coventry was to be put upon the stage:—

They foolishly and sillily bring on two tables like that which he hath made, with a round hole in the middle, in his closet, to turn himself in, and he is to be in one of them as master, and Sir John Duncomb in the other, as his man or imitator; and their discourse in these tables about the disposing of their books and papers very foolish.

Coventry, on ascertaining this, sent the Duke of Buckingham a challenge. The King heard of it and interposed. Coventry was sent to the Tower, and his second, Henry Savile, his nephew and younger brother of Lord Halifax, also a Gentleman of the Duke of York's Bedchamber, was sent to the Gatehouse. Coventry was removed from the Privy Council and from the Treasury Commission. Thus the moral King desired to show his disapproval of duelling. But the indecency of the affront, and Coventry's high character, brought out public sympathy on his side. Sixty carriages a day brought friends to the Tower for sympathizing visits to Coventry (*Pepys's Diary*, March 7, 1669). The French Ambassador wrote an account of the affair to his Court, saying that the King favoured Buckingham, but that all men of character and consideration sided with Coventry. He was treated with unexampled severity. "He repeated to me," says Pepys, "many examples of challenges of Privy Councillors and others; but never any proceeded against with that severity which he is, it never amounting with others to more than a little confinement" (*Diary*, March 6, 1669). This was partly, perhaps, from a well-meaning determination which the King had taken to put down duelling, still more, probably, from Buckingham's unhappy power over the King. Coventry was detained sixteen days in the Tower. His official career was at an end. He had long sighed for relief from the cares and worries of office. He loved more than business and politics his country home, Minster Lovell in Oxfordshire. He had great delight in gardening. He was a highly cultivated scholar, and versed in literature. Evelyn describes him as "a wise and witty gentleman" (*Diary*, October 17, 1659). Marvell calls him "Will the wit," in juxtaposition with his elder brother Henry, afterwards Secretary of State, who is "Hector Harry." He was united through life in the closest friendship with his nephew Halifax, who was twenty-three years older than the uncle. Coventry's reputation for ability led to his being supposed the author of Halifax's brilliant *Character of a Trimmer*. It is strange to see him declared the author of this work in the catalogue of Lord Bath's manuscript treasures at Longleat, in the Third Report of the

* *An Essay concerning the Decay of Rents and the Remedies.* Written by Sir William Coventry about the year 1670. Ayscough Catalogue of MSS. in British Museum, 3828.

England's Appeal from the Private Cabal at Whitehall to the Grand Council of the Nation, the Lords and Commons in Parliament Assembled. By a True Lover of his Country. 1673. [Ascribed to Sir William Coventry.]

Historical Manuscripts Commission (Appendix, p. 189). It is stranger, as the same collection of MSS. contains a letter from Sir William Coventry to his nephew, Viscount Weymouth, unequivocally denying the authorship. He owns himself a Trimmer, but denies that he is the author. The letter is dated July 30, 1685. After denying the authorship, he writes:—"I have not been ashamed to own myself, indeed, a Trimmer, not according as the Observator paints them, but (as I think the name was intended to signify), one who would sit upright, and not overturn the boat by swaying too much on either side." Lord Macaulay, mentioning that Sir William Coventry had been esteemed the author of the work, gives it, but with insufficient decisiveness, to Halifax.

Coventry's summary dismissal from the Treasury Commission was the end of his official life. The highest offices were often subsequently at his disposal, and he invariably declined them. He held a very high position in the House of Commons, where he spoke always with independence and authority. Bishop Burnet, speaking of his quarrel with Buckingham and its consequences, describes him as "a man of the finest and the best temper that belonged to the Court. And he upon that seemed to retire very willingly, and he was become a very religious man when I knew him. He was offered after that the best post in the Court, oftener than once; but he would never engage again." The notes of Lord Dartmouth and Speaker Onslow on this passage of Burnet are very valuable. The former says that Coventry "was the most esteemed and beloved of any courtier that ever sat in the House of Commons, where his word ever passed for an undoubted truth without further inquiry"; and Onslow says that, after quitting the Court, he "continued to attend the Parliament, acting a great part there, in very able though decent opposition to the Court measures." Public opinion expected him to be Lord Treasurer in 1673, just after Osborne's appointment. The so-called Cabal was out of joint, and it was believed that he and Halifax must be brought in to set matters right (Letters to Sir J. Williamson in Record Office). From a letter of Shaftesbury to the Earl of Carlisle, of February 3, 1675—a political manifesto of Shaftesbury as head of an Opposition—it is clear that there was a political overture to Coventry and Halifax in the summer of 1674:—"I am sorry my Lord Halifax had no better success in his summer's negotiation, and that his uncle, Sir William, could make no nearer approach to the Ministers of State than the kissing the King's hand. I fear it is fatal to his Lordship's uncle to go so far and no farther." This probably means that there was a formal reconciliation of Coventry with the King in 1674; it doubtless means that there was a question of Coventry and Halifax coming into office. Shaftesbury, lately dismissed from the Chancellorship, viewed unamazingly the movements of his two near connexions, for Coventry was his brother-in-law and Halifax his nephew by marriage. Bishop Burnet thus describes Coventry's position in the House of Commons in 1675:—"Sir William Coventry had the greatest credit of any man in the House. He never meddled personally with any Minister. He had a perfect understanding of affairs. So he laid open the errors of the Government with more authority, because he nursed no passion nor puerile resentments with it. His brother usually answered him with much life in a repartee, but not with the weight and force with which he spoke." This brother was Henry, the Secretary of State. Speaker Onslow also says that Sir William Coventry chiefly debated with his brother Henry, "who was of a fair character in himself, and deemed the only honest Minister the King had since my Lord Clarendon."

Many years ago the writer of this paper had the opportunity of inspecting at Longleat an interesting correspondence, from 1667 to 1686, between Sir William Coventry and his nephew, Thomas Thynne, created Viscount Weymouth in 1682. A sister of Coventry had married Sir Henry Thynne, Baronet, of whom this Thomas Thynne was the eldest son. It is strange that this correspondence is not mentioned in the copious catalogue of the Longleat MSS., in the Third Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. A few extracts will show how interesting is this correspondence.

There was no meeting of Parliament for two years, between April 1671 and February 1673. Meanwhile England was embarked, by an unholy alliance with France, in war with Holland, and this war was ushered in by the flagitious Stop of the Exchequer and by the Declaration of Indulgence, a questionable exercise of royal prerogative for an intrinsically good purpose. Coventry's heart was now set on the relief of Protestant Dissenters. He writes, November 23, 1672, from his country seat:—

I was told before I came out of London that my Lord Archbishop [Sheldon] had promised never to consent to a toleration; well fare Minster Lovell! God send me health and quiet there, till our churchmen be wiser than to stand so rigidly and so much in their own light.

He found great difficulty in resolving to go up to London for the long-deferred meeting of Parliament in February. "To go up is to no purpose that I know, so long as our clergy are so stiff as I believe they yet are."

The Parliament sat from February 4 to March 29. The King was forced to cancel his Declaration of Indulgence. Sir William Coventry joined in opposition to the Declaration, and strongly urged a Bill for Ease to Protestant Dissenters. There was much sparring between him and his brother Henry, the Secretary. The famous Test Act was passed, excluding Roman Catholics from office, quickly followed by the resignation of the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, and Lord Clifford, Lord Treasurer. Sir

William Coventry prominently supported the Test Act. A Bill of Ease for Protestant Dissenters was introduced, was warmly advocated by Coventry, passed the House of Commons, and, amendments having been made in the Lords, was ultimately got rid of by a prorogation designed for the purpose, while the Commons were debating the Lords' amendments. Coventry had in the meantime left London for Minster Lovell.

The following letter, written on March 31, when Coventry was evidently unaware of the final failure of the Bill of Ease, shows his importance at this time to the party of Opposition. An Act "for a most general and free Pardon by the King," hurriedly passed at the end of the Session, put an end to the designs of the Opposition, from which Coventry held himself aloof, for attacking evil counsellors:

Yours of the 27th gave me no unpleasant entertainment by reading the last act of the popularity of this Session; a very brittle commodity, and whoever trades much in it shall find it so, and that he shall no longer believe himself to lead the House of Commons when he follows it. You won't think me an arrant Sir Pol. if I should tell you I foresaw somewhat like this which hath fallen out, that the country gentlemen had a good mind to fall on somebody, and that the grandees either had no mind to it, or durst not trust their followers. I am glad I was not Minister, or else I am sure I should have been blamed on both sides; one side would have blamed me for not assisting (it being work I love not), and the other would have suspected me for puffing it on underhand; for though I am the man in the world who deals the least underhand, yet those who hold themselves concerned to find always new faults in me would have pretended to believe it, as those grandees who are now so much blamed by their followers would have excused their not embarking upon my coldness in the matter. I am confident if I were amongst them I should be able to convince all my friends I did well to come away when I did, whatever want the Chambers might pretend of me.

And then he goes on to say of the Bill of Ease for Protestant Dissenters:

If nothing be now done in it, one time or other it will be made an argument to call the Parliament when the great men at Court have a mind to play at foot-ball, especially now that by the Act of Free Pardon (if it pass) some will believe their stakes more secure than their neighbours. I did imagine, if an Act of Pardon had passed, none but my Lord Clarendon would have been excepted.

It was in this year 1673 that the remarkable pamphlet associated by general rumour with Sir W. Coventry's name, "The Appeal from the Private Cabal at Whitehall to the Grand Council of the Nation," was published. It is a pamphlet written with much wit and point, and shows an intimate acquaintance with foreign affairs. He spoke with equal freedom and equal fulness of knowledge in a memorable debate which ended by a refusal of supply on October 31, 1673 (*Parl. History*, vol. iv. pp. 596, 601).

A matter of some interest is effectually cleared up by a letter of Sir W. Coventry of August 11, 1685, five weeks after the battle of Sedgmoor, which crushed Monmouth's invasion. What became of Ferguson after the battle, and how he escaped, was a mystery. It has remained a mystery till now. Lord Macaulay says, "How Ferguson escaped was, and still is, a mystery." For some time after the battle he was believed to be lurking in London; and there were stories that he had been pardoned by James. There was no pardon. Sir William Coventry, writing on August 11, 1685, says that "Ferguson and about twenty others got to Zealand in an open boat." If Lord Macaulay had known this, he would have been spared a long discussion of conjectures and probabilities.

After the sudden dissolution, in August 1679, of the Parliament which met for the first time in the beginning of that year, Sir William Coventry declined to be again a candidate, and he retired to his books and his garden. He was not married. He was the idol of a large family connexion, and of a circle of eminent friends, among whom were Halifax, Dorothy, Dowager Countess of Sunderland, and the widowed Rachael, Lady Russell. He died on June 23, 1686, at the age of sixty. He left in his will two thousand pounds for the French Protestant refugees under the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and three thousand for the redemption of slaves captured by the Algerines (Lady Russell's Letters, p. 338, ed. 1792; Savile Correspondence, p. 295).

Sir William Coventry was the youngest son of the famous Lord Keeper Coventry, who had been twice married, having one son by his first marriage, and a large family by the second. One of Coventry's sisters of the second marriage was married to Sir John Pakington, and is the reputed author of a celebrated anonymous work, the *Whole Duty of Man*. His elder brother, Henry, also of the second marriage, had a distinguished official career, and was universally loved. After holding several diplomatic appointments, one of which was a joint mission with Lord Holles to Breda, where they made the treaty which ended the first Dutch war, Henry Coventry was in 1672 made Secretary of State, and he continued to hold that office till February 1679, the eve of the meeting of Charles's new Parliament. Burnet describes him as "a man of wit and heart of spirit and candour." Roger North, in the Life of his brother, Lord Guilford, says of Henry Coventry that "he had the nice step of the House, and withal was wonderfully witty, and a man of great veracity; he had never said anything in the House which afterwards proved a lie, and had that credit there that whatever he affirmed the House believed." In a time of tricksters truthfulness distinguished the two brothers. Burnet relates an amusing story of Henry Coventry's candour and reputation. Defending on one occasion a statement in the preamble of an Act of Parliament that England was at war with France, he declared that it really was so, and that he would rather be guilty of the murder of forty men than do anything to retard the war.

This strange expression exposed him to much railing. Colonel Birch twitted him with thinking the murder of forty men a small matter. "Coventry answered that he always spoke to them sincerely, and as he thought; and that if an angel from heaven should come to say otherwise (at this they were very attentive, to see how he could close a period so strangely begun), he was sure he should never get back to heaven again, but would be a fallen and a lying angel." Burnet winds up the story by saying that "now the matter was well understood, and his credit was set on a sure foot" (*Own Time*, i. 411, 442). Henry Coventry died a few months after Sir William, in December 1686.

Sir John Coventry, whose nose was slit in 1670 by a band of ruffian courtiers instigated by Monmouth, to punish him for an irreverent allusion in the House of Commons to the King's amours, was a nephew of Sir William and of Henry Coventry, being the son of the Lord Keeper's son by his first marriage. This memorable incident made a patriot-martyr of him, but he appears to have been little worthy of respect. Sir William, in his correspondence with Thomas Thynne, speaks lightly of him, ridicules his vanity, and wishes him out of the House of Commons, to be "out of harm's way."

Sir William Coventry had kept a journal; he showed it on one occasion to Samuel Pepys (*Diary*, March 9, 1669). What has become of this journal is not known. It might yet be to be found among the manuscript treasures at Longleat. The Catalogue, already referred to, of the Longleat MSS. makes no mention of this journal; but it is equally silent as to Coventry's correspondence with Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, and also as to a fragment of a History of the First Dutch War, which the writer of this paper has seen and made extracts from. A note to the Catalogue states that there are three large boxes full of Coventry papers, not yet examined. There can, we presume, be no doubt that the Marquis of Bath would cordially encourage an examination of them. It may be here mentioned that inquiry has lately been made of the Duke of Devonshire as to Lord Halifax's missing diary (see article, *George Savile, Marquis of Halifax*, February 22), and that his Grace has replied that it disappeared from the Chatsworth Library during the lifetime of the late Duke, and that several searches for it have been unsuccessful.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNKNOWN REGION.*

THE Secretary of the Geographical Society has in this hand-some volume put forth in substance a manifesto on behalf of further Arctic exploration. That Englishmen should not abandon the task in which their ancestors won so much glory is at least the obvious moral from his book, and one which he is not slow to draw. In form, however, the book is a brief historical summary of what has been done by Arctic adventurers from the earliest times towards tracing out the long ice frontier of the unknown Polar region. The author, besides being qualified for his task by personal experience, states his facts lucidly and has made a very readable book. We shall not on the present occasion discuss the general arguments in favour of further activity; remarking only that they are set forth in this book with abundant force. One argument, however, which may perhaps be described as of the sentimental order, is brought out so distinctly that we shall venture to insist upon it at some length. It is not perhaps an unequivocal reason for risking lives in Arctic wastes that our remote ancestors showed us the way with greater courage because with infinitely inferior resources. And yet it is impossible to study the records of ancient daring without desiring that the existing race of English sailors may have a chance of showing themselves worthy of their origin. It is, after all, of some importance to maintain in the navy a continuous tradition of heroic enterprise. In times of war our ships will owe much to the memories of Nelson, Blake, and the conquerors of the Armada. The sentiment will be maintained in the greater force if some outlet is provided for the adventurous spirit in times of peace. Our ancestors ventured into the Polar seas in their cockle-shells of boats to find shorter commercial routes, or to discover new sources of wealth, and we are invited to follow them in the name of science; but, whatever be the pretext, the simple aim of showing that the spirit of manly enterprise is not dead amongst us will seem to many to be of itself a sufficient excuse.

Let us then recall from the volume before us some of the old performances which we are challenged to emulate. The old sailors were not much in the habit of picturesque writing; and when Hudson or Barents came home from their voyages they did not publish sensational accounts in beautifully illustrated volumes. Fortunately, however, they left records sufficient to enable us to fill up the bare outline with the aid of more recent investigations; and frequently the accuracy of their reports has been proved to a degree which is surprising when we consider the rudeness of their instruments. One of the earliest adventurers was Stephen Burrough, who sailed from Gravesend in the year 1556 in a pinnace called the *Serchthrift*. Old Cabot, whose labours had begun nearly sixty years before, came to see them off, accompanied by "divers gentlemen and gentlewomen." He gave them a banquet "at the signe of the 'Christopher,'" and afterwards "entered into the dance himself amongst the rest of the young

* *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

and lusty company." Burrough discovered the strait between Nova Zembla and the island of Vaigats, but was driven back by unfavourable winds, by the darkness, and by "the great and terrible abundance of ice." Two ships, the *George* of forty and the *William* of twenty tons, followed up this discovery in 1580, and, after finding the strait between Vaigats and the mainland, were beaten back, in spite of desperate efforts. The *William* was lost in an attempt to reach Iceland, and we may sympathize with Milton's view that these early enterprises "might have seemed almost heroic, if any higher end than love of gain and traffic had animated the design." We may, indeed, give them credit for some perception of a higher end, for the instructions given by the Muscovy Company said that the discovery of a passage would not only prove profitable, but would "also purchase perpetual fame and renown both to you and our country." These daring adventurers found a worthy successor in the Dutchman Barents. In his first voyage he sailed for seventeen hundred miles along the edges of the pack-ice round Nova Zembla, and had to put his ship about eighty-one times. He tried in vain to force his way through every promising opening, and made a series of observations of remarkable accuracy. In his third voyage he attempted to find an opening by keeping nearer to Spitzbergen, and, after failing, returned round the North-Western end of Nova Zembla. After many gallant efforts, he was finally frozen in during the winter of 1596. The seventeen brave Dutchmen built a house on the shore with driftwood, fixed a clock against the walls, and converted a wine cask into a bath, which, as we are rather surprised to find, was judiciously recommended as a sanitary measure by the surgeon. A quaint woodcut gives a clear representation of this earliest specimen of Arctic winter-quarters. The adventurers escaped in the following summer in two open boats, though poor Barents, like Captain Hall, died before he could tell his own story. The house in which he had lived remained unvisited, it is said, for 278 years (our arithmetic, we may remark, makes it 274), when a Norwegian, Captain Carlsen, visited the spot in 1871, and found everything left precisely as it had been represented in the account of one of Barents's companions. The old clock was still standing against the wall, and the muskets and halberds were found in their old places. There were an old manual of navigation and a Dutch translation of Mendoza's *History of China*, indicating the object of the adventurers' travels. There was also a curious copper dial, said to be probably the only extant example of an invention for calculating the longitude by Plancius, "the famous cosmographer and tutor of Barents." There were a flute, which still gives out a few notes, and a pair of little shoes belonging to a ship's boy who died during the winter. The relics are not quite so interesting as those which have been discovered at Pompeii, but there is something pathetic about them in a humble way.

A celebrated navigator, Henry Hudson, carried on Barents's work with characteristic audacity. It was in 1607 that he sailed from Greenwich, "in a craft about the size of one of the smallest of modern collier brigs," with twelve men and a boy, intending to sail across the Pole to Japan, and, indeed, getting as far on the way as has been done by the best equipped modern expeditions. In this and in a later voyage he examined the edge of the pack-ice along the whole line from Greenland to Nova Zembla. On one occasion he forced his way several leagues into the ice, but was finally obliged to return, as every subsequent adventurer has been obliged. Hudson's discoveries led to a great whaling trade, which flourished for a century and a half, and gradually passed from English into Dutch hands. He proved that the icy barrier stretches continuously from the shores of Siberia to those of Greenland; and all subsequent experience has gone to show that it is impassable in ships. Parry's great attempt, indeed, in 1827 to reach the Pole by sledges from Spitzbergen suggests that it may be possible to do something more by this means; but the more promising route by Smith's Sound appears to offer far greater chances of success. Meanwhile, however, there is another curious story of still earlier adventure in the same region where Hudson's efforts had been frustrated. Two Venetian gentlemen named Zeno made a voyage in the Northern seas, at the close of the fourteenth century. One of them wrote a complete record of his adventures, which had a singular fate. A descendant of his, born in 1515, tore it up when a boy, not knowing its value; but he afterwards put together a narrative from some remaining letters, which appeared at Venice in 1558. Unluckily this editor entertained a perverse view of editorial duties not yet so extinct as it ought to be. He found an old map, rotten with age, and set about supplying its defects from his own interpretation of the narrative. The consequence was that he threw the whole geography of the region into hopeless confusion, and thus deprived his contemporaries of much useful knowledge, though we are now able to distinguish the genuine facts from the errors with which he mixed them. We are thus enabled to identify the site of the lost Greenland colony, from sailing directions which are preserved as to the right method of coasting it, and from indications as to the site of an old monastery. The most interesting part of the information which comes from the old explorer is the report of certain fishermen who had discovered America. They found Latin books in the possession of some of the chiefs, who could no longer understand them, and reported that the people made beer and had a certain amount of intercourse with Greenland. This information is sufficiently scanty, but goes to confirm what we know of the old Scandinavian colony in America. The whole subject has been investigated by Mr. Major, who is about to publish his conclusions in an edition of the voyage

of the Zeni, to be issued by the Hakluyt Society, and in a paper in the Journal of the Geographical Society for 1873.

But meanwhile we are diverging from the track of Arctic discovery. The expeditions through Baffin's Bay have been more fruitful than the efforts of the brave men who vainly charged the edge of the huge ice-pack between Spitzbergen and Greenland. John Davis was the pioneer of this route. He was shocked by the sight of Greenland, remarking that "the loathsome view of this shore, and the irksome noysse of the yce, was such as it bred strange conceites among us." However, he found the straits which bear his name in 1585, and made known the existence of a wide opening. His only successor, during two centuries, was William Baffin. Baffin forced his way through the Melville Bay ice and reached what is known as the "North water" in twenty-two days, a time which, curiously enough, appears to be just the average time of passage for modern whalers. From 1616 to 1817 nobody followed him; but in the last-named year a couple of Scotch whalers repeated his feat, and found so many whales that the same feat has since been repeated every year. Ships have, indeed, suffered occasionally in the performance. The year of evil celebrity is 1830, when nineteen ships were destroyed by a gale which suddenly drove masses of ice into Melville Bay and nipped the whole fleet against the land-floe. There is, however, as we are carefully informed, no special risk to life when a ship is thus suddenly crushed to atoms in the Polar seas. The retreat in boats to the Danish settlements is "perfectly safe and easy." In 1830 a thousand men were encamped on the ice, the tents were a scene of "joyous dancing and frolic," and the season was long remembered as the year of "Baffin's fair." Discovery ships, too, are better provided for such adventures than whalers; as is proved by the fact that explorers have passed the Melville's Bay ice thirty-eight times, and that no ship has yet been lost. A "good nip," as it is facetiously called, causes only a little pleasurable excitement. Indeed the wild Arctic scenery, with the fun of cutting docks and blasting the ice, is so pleasant that the Melville Bay detention is "a most enjoyable and exhilarating time." The whaling fleet from Dundee, which annually indulges in this amusement—for so, it seems, we must call it—is excellently prepared for the purpose; and we may infer that, with proper precautions, we may do with modern steamers what old Baffin did in a little craft of 55 tons with no more fear than we feel in taking an express train to Scotland in the midst of the excursion season. The ice collapses as easily as a train of excursionists, and with infinitely less risk to the assailant.

The route by Smith's Sound is connected with the names of American adventurers, who appear to have shown the national spirit of enterprise by venturing in ships little better prepared than those of the earlier explorers. Kane made the first attempt in the year 1853 in the *Advance* of 120 tons, with a crew of seventeen men, the same number as that in Baffin's *Discovery*. His experience, and that more recently acquired by Hayes and by the *Polaris*, point the way to future explorers. Captain Hall reached without difficulty the highest latitude ever attained in a ship, and within thirty miles of the most northern point ever reached by civilized men. The distance from Hayes's Cape Parry to the Pole and back is 968 miles, a distance which has frequently been exceeded by Arctic sledge parties. McClintock once performed 1,210 miles in 105 days, and Mecham went over 1,157 miles. In short, a couple of stout steamers, manned by properly disciplined crews, and placed at the point reached by the ill-found American ships without serious difficulty, would be within striking distance of the Pole. We venture to hope that the prospect will be realized, and that the adventurers may be Englishmen, encouraged in their task by the desire to show themselves worthy of descent from the Burroughs, Hudsons, Davises, and Baffins of a past generation. Of the additional reasons for desiring such a consummation, of the scientific aims to be realized, and the real extent of the dangers to be encountered, a full and judicious account will be found in the book before us.

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.—PART IV.*

THE new section of that which is best known as the Moltke Narrative carries the reader into the very heart of the terrible contests before Metz, the last scene of which is even now being worked slowly out in the great room at the Trianon. It will have for many readers an interest greater than even that which attached to those picturesque details of Spicheren and Woerth which have made so finished a work of the Third Part. For Count Wartensleben—it is no secret that he is the accredited successor of Colonel Verdy—has now reached in his work those great strokes of strategy to grasp the outlines of which is more easy to the layman's mind than to follow the comparatively intricate details of actions; as indeed to delineate the former clearly is the most straightforward part of the task of the military historian. That is, supposing that he is gifted, like M. Thiers, with a genius which enables him to pierce, as it were, inside the intent of the original design; or that he has the advantage, like Count Wartensleben, of access not merely to all official documents, but to the presence and confidence of the designer himself. And we must note here once more our entire satisfaction with the general spirit of the new history as compared with that of the war of

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71. Von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des grossen Generalstabes. Erster Theil, Heft 4.* Mittler: Berlin.

1866. The reason of its superior frankness, not to say honesty, is obvious. It is no doubt an easier, as well as a more pleasant, task for a German military writer to follow out the stages of the national duel with the *Erb-Feind*, the hereditary foe of united Germany, than to put a fair face on the mixture of daring and craft by which Prussia succeeded in wresting the supremacy of Germany from internal rivalry. Hence no doubt the absence in these volumes of that appearance of special pleading which is an acknowledged drawback in the Berlin General Staff History of the War of 1866.

Let no one say after the perusal of this volume that Marshal MacMahon has never shown any strategic power. What it was that decided him, after his shattering defeat at Woerth, to retire so instantly behind his former right by the cross-roads leading south over the foot of the Vosges to Saverne, instead of falling back to his original rear westward along the French frontier, cannot be exactly stated. But, whatever it may be that leads a general to the right choice in so desperate a juncture—his army almost broken up, and close to him a victorious and superior foe—he should have the full credit of the inspiration. And that the result of the battle of Woerth was not the total loss of the wreck of the beaten force, was undoubtedly due to the Marshal's prompt decision. It would have seemed the natural thing for him to go westward on Bitsche; for thus he would be retreating on the untouched corps which De Failly's blundering or remissness had kept from the battle; and thus too he would be moving towards the main Army of the Rhine, of which he had last heard only that it was in great force behind the Sarre. On the other hand, for the whole way in the march to Sarreguemines he must give a flank to an unknown enemy, who had been heard of as daily collecting to his north; whilst he would be followed by that Third Army whose superior strength he had so terribly proved. So he started off unhesitatingly by the less exposed road, and on the day after the battle moved so rapidly as to get clear of all that "touch" of the enemy of the constant exercise of which by their cavalry German writers are so proud.

And here we must turn aside to express a plain opinion that on this occasion the German leaders fell short of that great model of war whose teaching they have in so many points bettered. It is true that when night closed on the bloody scene at Woerth their troops had marched fast and far, and officers and men were overstrained with marching and with the fierce efforts which had crowned the evening with complete triumph. Still, the vanquished must have rested not far from them, and had no less need of repose. And the way in which MacMahon's relics slipped away from even the sight of their cavalry on the 7th, so completely that the flying Frenchmen never saw the Germans again till surprised by them amid the fatal hills and woods of the Ardennes three weeks later, seems to us the proof of a noteworthy shortcoming on the victor's side. It would hardly have been so with Napoleon—at least in his best days, before repeated victory and the use of superior numbers had dimmed his vigilance and lessened his activity. His staff was not so highly trained as Count Moltke's, his cavalry officers were far less intelligent, his whole army was comparatively undisciplined, and at almost every point inferior to the German one of to-day save in the practical experience of war. But his power of leading men on was beyond anything witnessed in our time; and he would have hardly stayed inactive the whole day after such a victory as Woerth, as did the Crown Prince; or let his light troops "close their pursuit before the openings of the difficult mountain-passes," as we read that those of the Third Army did—those same mountain-passes being in fact good driving roads, so little impassable that MacMahon's flying column left no trace of itself sufficient to guide the pursuit. Even after the strain of Ligny, the last and hardest won of his many victories, Napoleon got his whole army into pursuit by 2 P.M. on the morrow.

Well was it for Marshal MacMahon that he trusted to his own quick decision and the fleetness of his men for escape by the most hopeful outlet. If the German staff was at this point of the war distinctly inferior in execution to the greatest of military examples, in conception there was no such lack of power. Why MacMahon might fairly be expected to retreat on Bitsche has been already pointed out. The first news of the complete victory of the Crown Prince suggested this probability to the great strategist who conducted the war for Germany; and he took instant measures to reap, if possible, a still more complete success to follow. At 6 A.M. on the morning after the battle the telegraph directed Prince Frederick Charles to cut MacMahon off, and pointed out the shortest way to the object—always supposing that the French were moving by Bitsche. This would send them along a line nearly parallel to and not far from the advance of the Second Army towards the middle Sarre. The IVth Corps, forming the left of Prince Frederick Charles, had halted at Alt-Hornbach, being well covered towards Bitsche with cavalry, which had been reconnoitring De Failly so closely as to give him his one excuse for loitering on the road to Woerth, in the presence near his flank of supposed "masses of the enemy." MacMahon could hardly be anticipated at Bitsche, which was but a single day's march from the scene of his defeat. But good roads led from the district where the IVth Corps lay to Rohrbach, a station further west on the Sarreguemines and Haguenau railroad; and, like Bitsche, lying also on the one direct *chaussée* through the hills from the field of Woerth to the Sarre. The Germans at Alt-Hornbach were as near this point at daybreak on the 7th as MacMahon himself could be supposed to be. Instantly, therefore, the IVth Corps was directed on it, Bredow's brigade of cavalry being specially attached to it to cover the movement; and all the

cavalry, with half the infantry of the Guard, were ordered to turn aside from the grand westward movement of the Second Army, and to march the same way, so as to support General Alvensleben, and ensure his corps against such a fate as that which overtook Vandamme when Napoleon threw him too rashly, with a similar object, into the rear of the allies retreating after the defeat of Dresden. Remembering no doubt the Frenchman's fate when thus exposed to the daring counter-strokes which made him captive on that occasion with his whole corps, Prince Frederick Charles hurried himself early in the morning of the 8th towards Rohrbach. General Alvensleben had accomplished his assigned task to the letter by the hour named. His corps was already planted in battle order, facing east, and ready to dispute the road if necessary against a superior foe:—"But the hostile army expected here from Woerth did not appear. Bredow's cavalry, spread far to the south, came nowhere on any trace of superior French forces. Instead of this, they met detachments from the Third Army. It then became clear that MacMahon's retreat had taken a southern direction." So says the official writer, briefly but clearly. In short, for once the great strategist's instinct had been at fault. MacMahon had escaped, outmarching one of his enemies, and anticipating the design of the other. Beaten as his troops were, they were not yet the "*camaille*" that their officers reproached them openly at Sedan for being, in the very hearing of their amazed enemies.

We shall not follow the official writer through his narrative of the retreat of the Marshal to Châlons, or that of Douay from his now exposed position near Belfort. Those who have read the valuable reminiscences of "A Volunteer of the Army of the Rhine," long since introduced to the English public in our columns, will remember his lively description of the extraordinary misconduct and mismanagement which marked everything connected with the VIIth Corps, its formation, advance, and retreat. The same authority has avowedly served as the foundation of the Moltke Narrative in describing Douay's proceedings; and probably a better could hardly be found. But it must be added that it is two years since we reviewed it in these pages, and that there are a number of more recent French works which might have been ransacked with good effect to throw further light on these and other such episodes in the fall of the Second Empire. There seems to be some small want of research visible here, which is certainly not characteristic of the writer's nationality.

Great part of the new section is devoted to the next scene of the war, the entry of the Germans into Lorraine, after their double victory on the 6th of August, and the collapse of the unhappy Emperor's attempt to check them on the frontier, announced to the surprised world in the now historic telegram "All may yet be recovered." Like resistless torrents of burning lava their three armies poured from the hills along the Sarre and entered the fine province which these had long barred from them, sweeping up its vast supplies of transport and forage. Simplicity and clearness were, as usual, the characteristics of the orders issued by Moltke to the three Commanders-in-Chief who worked out his design. They ran as follows:—

The news that is brought in leads us to think that the enemy has retreated behind the Moselle or the Seille. All the three armies will follow this movement. The Third will take the road through Sarreunion and Dieuze, with those lying to the south; the Second that through St. Avold and Nomeny, with those to the south; the First that through Saarlouis and Boulay with those to the south.

To cover the march the cavalry is to be pushed to a great distance, and to be supported by advance guards well thrown forward; so that in case of necessity the armies will have time to close upon each other.

When the situation in advance of the enemy makes it necessary, His Majesty will arrange [Steinmetz's previous wilfulness is presumably responsible for this strictness] for deviations from the lines of march indicated.

To-day, August 10, may be used by the First and Second Armies either for a halt or to arrange the troops ready for the march.

As the left wing cannot get to the Sarre before the 12th, the right wing will have but comparatively short marches to make.

How thoroughly the cavalry did their share of the allotted work, and what a new place they made for their arm in war and in military history, has become a matter of proverb. Parties of Uhlans, and of Dragoons and Cuirassiers that rivalled their lighter comrades in activity and daring, scoured every road far to the front and flank in a manner never witnessed before, paralysed all opposition by their audacity, and hung on the rear of every column and train of the dejected army of the Rhine. They crossed the Moselle before the peasants on its banks had even realized the fact that France was invaded. They dashed up to the gate of Thionville, and carried off prisoners from the very guard placed to hold it. They summoned Toul to surrender almost before MacMahon's rear had got clear of its walls. More than all, they established a moral prestige which for months to come left the inhabitants of the invaded districts helpless at the clank of a single sabre. Later indeed in the war the unexpected obstinacy of the defence of Paris, the energy of Gambetta, and, above all, the stern pressure of conquest, hardened the population into various forms of resistance, open or secret; but for the first part of the struggle any such thought seems to have been checked as it rose by the ubiquity of these small patrols of horse. The Prussian cavalry in fact had added another lesson to modern warfare almost as startling as the effect of the breechloader in the hands of the Prussian infantry four years before.

The last part of the volume before us is devoted to that action of the 14th of August, suddenly brought on close to Metz, known hitherto by the name of Borny, but now stamped officially with the cumbersome title of the battle of Colombey-

Neuilly. This affair, by causing Bazaine's army to check its movement to the west over the Moselle, and make a futile show of advance eastward from the fortress, contributed powerfully to its subsequent investment and capture, and forms one of the most important points in the strategy of that eventful fortnight which sealed the fate of France. Tactically too it is a remarkable study, and, like those of Woerth and Spicheren, is treated with thoroughness and vigour by the official writer. But for these very reasons it forms too large a subject to be dealt with at the close of an article.

THE EARL'S PROMISE.*

MRS. RIDDELL might have selected a better scene and subject for a novel than she has done in the *Earl's Promise*. The wrongs which Irish tenants suffered from their landlords long ago may have been a topic of enough interest to form the plot of a romance in the days when Miss Edgeworth wrote *The Absentee*, but they are rather a well-worn story now. It seems as if Mrs. Riddell had lately read up the history of those days, and been moved by it to a virtuous indignation which could only find a vent in scattering far and wide the picture of heartless oppression on the one hand and kindly submission on the other, in the pages of a three-volume novel. Now when a writer undertakes to point out some existing blot in the management of the world, or to call the world's attention to the lessons it has already received and ought to profit by, one of two results is very likely to happen. Either the production will resemble a blue-book interleaved with a novel, or, to quote Miss Edgeworth again, it will resemble those "moral tales," the moral of which was always lost in the interest of the plot. It is not easy to decide in which of these classes to place Mrs. Riddell's book. It reminds us at times of a proposal we have heard for publishing the business news of every week in the form of a novel, wherein the marriage of the hero and the heroine should depend upon their means, assured by the steadiness of grey shirtings or tottering with the fluctuations of water-twist. No doubt the ideas which the author wishes to force upon our attention are worthy of consideration, especially the assertion that all women ought to know more or less about illness; but this is dragged in so frequently, whenever indeed the health of any one of the characters is affected, that at last, like a frequently repeated stimulant, it loses its effect, and the eye passes over the words which convey it without carrying its import on to the brain.

It will be evident from these observations that the *Earl's Promise* cannot be called an artistic book; indeed the promise which gives the novel its name—a promise of a renewal of lease to a deserving tenant—only remotely affects the principal characters, and affects the heroine only so far that its results give her the opportunity to show herself worthy of the place she occupies. There is a want of cohesion and consistency throughout. We find in the first few pages a picture painted in strong contrasts of the heartless, gracious-mannered Earls of Glendale spending their money in Paris and in London, and of tenants making up that money with the heart's blood of patient men and the tears and sobs of hopeless women; and but a few pages later we hear of work done fairly and wages received regularly by these same patient men, who are light-hearted enough to veil their necessity for work with a convenient fiction of their doing so for pleasure or "to oblige the master." So in the case of Mr. Moffat, an English resident in Kingslough, which is the main scene of the book, we are told in one place that he had never been able to win for himself popularity, not understanding the tricks of manner and word by which it is bought; and when this fact is well established in the reader's mind, and he is prepared to see all sorts of appalling events follow as its natural consequence, he is startled by suddenly hearing that this man was "on the whole popular, and specially liked among the Glendale tenantry." This, amongst other things, is a symptom of careless work—a sign that the writer, eager to discover an anti-thesis to the shallow and cruel, but popular, Glendale family, found Mr. Moffat ready to her hand, and clapped him into the empty place to represent sterling unpopular uprightness. But the moment that he is wanted to pay a visit to a farmer's wife and fall into pleasant conversation, so as to draw out the story of the promise, he must needs be pulled out of his garment of forbidding manners as fast as he was put into it, and invested with a gentlemanlike civility which wins him favour everywhere. This is a sort of treatment we may expect to be applied to the merest supers, but not to such a character of Mr. Moffat, who, when he has lived down this trifling discrepancy, is a lifelike and not unimportant personage. It is perhaps natural, when there is a continual demand for new stories, that people who can, like Mrs. Riddell, write very readable novels, and are thus sure of commanding an audience, should take but little pains in finishing their work, and should allow it to fall into the slipshod, careless ways which are now so much the rule in writings of fiction that we always expect to find them predominant, unless the name attached to a book bears a warrant to the contrary. But because it is natural, because there is a continual tendency in that direction, for that very reason should those who have the power to do so stand against the stream of washy, ungrammatical English—a stream powerful only by its ever-increasing volume, or we should rather say volumes—and check by the example

of their steadfastness the crowd who hasten to fling themselves headlong into the current to swell its sickly torrent. That Mrs. Riddell can write good nervous English, free from any taint of imitation, there is ample evidence in the pages of the *Earl's Promise*; yet she chooses to give way at intervals to writing sentences which are faint echoes now of Dickens, now of Thackeray. She makes use frequently of a disagreeable and questionable adverb; she talks of "reliable" information; her characters, whenever they make statements, *mentally* add something to them; they do not reflect or think, but mentally say things to themselves; on one occasion a whole community "mentally counts" a man's inheritance—as if people carried black boards and chalk about with them, or met in the market-place to compare the results of their labours in arithmetic. Even thus the process of counting could scarcely be gone through without some mental exertion. And in one instance Mrs. Riddell descends to the lowest depths of present-day novels, and describes a girl with that most recklessly squandered possession, "a wealth of golden hair."

The plot, too, is ill constructed. As has been said, what we should naturally regard as the principal motive of the book, the promise made by Lord Glendale to Amos Scott, of a renewed lease of Castle Farm, does not come into notice till the conclusion of the first volume, and has very little to do with the working of the story till the winding-up approaches. The end involves a sudden revelation of extraordinary conduct, ending in manslaughter, on the part of a clever young doctor, who till then has given no sign of evil tendencies, beyond the fact that he is a confirmed Radical. A singular chain of circumstantial evidence is brought to bear against Amos Scott, quite as wonderful as that which dragged the innocent Lesurus to the scaffold, in the celebrated *Courrier de Lyons* case. It is followed by his subsequent discharge from custody, due to the exertion of mysterious "influence," without any proceedings being taken against the real murderer. All this is compressed into the fag end of the last volume, and hurried through towards its conclusion as if the circumstances were not worth explaining, and could be easily filled in by the imagination of the reader.

Many of the characters are well drawn, but for the most part they appear and disappear with the rapidity of theatrical visions, or of patterns shifting in a kaleidoscope, as if the author, having once brought them on the scene, had then no thought but for the best and speediest way of carrying them off it. This may be due to a fear of being tedious, to a desire to keep the reader amused with a continual variety of incident and character; but, in truth, any appearance of haste or dissatisfaction on the part of a writer is certain to produce a corresponding or more than corresponding impression of incompleteness in the mind of the reader. The author who fails to preserve and clearly point the relative importance of his fictitious characters cannot expect the reader to choose for himself from a mass of equally interesting scenes those which ought chiefly to command his attention. Thus in reading the *Earl's Promise* we are at one time convinced that the misfortunes of Nettie and the plots of her blackguard husband Brady are the main events of the story; at another we find that we ought to be far more concerned about the fate of Grace Moffat, who is indeed the most constantly present and the most steadily interesting personage of the story. It is a satisfaction to find that she does not after all marry the wrong man, Mr. Robert Somerford, and does, as a sort of necessary corollary, marry the right one, John Riley, although this is a piece of good fortune which, in spite of her many virtues, she scarcely deserves, considering the cruel manner in which she jilted him in the beginning. John Riley, although he only appears at the commencement to set the machinery of the plot in motion, and at the end to stop such wheels as are going wrong and obtain Grace as a reward for his voluntary exile in India, is a pleasant specimen of a practical, honourable young man, devoid of those graces which enable his rival Somerford to throw a glamour over Grace for a time, but possessed of far better things in their place. Somerford is one of the best drawn personages. Mrs. Riddell has portrayed in him with considerable skill a type of character which is not very uncommon, but to grasp which requires unusual powers of perception. He is a man universally beloved by reason of that Stuart-like graciousness and charm of manner which was, as the author tells us, a peculiarity of the whole Glendale family—a man of such complete selfishness that he only wanted a little more brains to rise to any eminence. What Mrs. Riddell says of him is true of many people:—

Unknown to himself, perhaps, but still, certainly his whole life was a lie—an assumption of qualities he did not possess—of abilities with which nature had not endowed him, of affections forgotten at his birth. It was what they believed him to be, and not what he was, that the lower classes loved. His part in the scene where he finally jilts Grace Moffat is excellently true to his character of ever-courteous falsehood, but hers is not equal to it in point of merit. A girl of her sensibility and dignity would scarcely have given so strong a hint of her feelings to a man of whose affections she was far from sure, and whose sincerity she had already begun to suspect. Mrs. Hartley, the Englishwoman resident at Kingslough, is also a well-drawn character, and a very pleasant one; and it is a pity that she should only appear as a sort of *deus ex machina* whenever either Nettie or Grace Moffat is in trouble. Grace's visit to her in England some time after their personal intercourse has been interrupted, and the difficulty experienced at first by both in resuming the old intimate relations, is especially

* *The Earl's Promise*. By Mrs. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," "Too Much Alone," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

well touched; and so is the scene in which the ice is broken between them and Grace confides her trouble to her old friend. This is soon followed by the news of Brady having been murdered, by Amos Scott as it seems; and Grace thereupon undertakes a journey to Ireland, as much to see what can be done for Scott as to comfort Mrs. Brady in the time of her loss—affliction in the case of such a husband it could scarcely be called. Then arise the complications we have spoken of above. Mrs. Brady displays an amount of misery which is quite unaccountable until she lets out the truth in the delirium of a fever, and Grace, going straight to the young doctor Hanlon, finds him ready to confess. That a person of his discrimination and common sense should not have done so at once, when there was every chance of his story being believed and no chance of any stigma resting upon him for the unforeseen result of a blow struck in self-defence at such a ruffian, and such an unpopular ruffian, as Brady, is a remarkable circumstance. It is not more so, however, than the inconsequence of the events that follow; the want of sufficient explanation for Scott's instant abandonment of the Castle Farm, his attachment to which has caused him so much suffering, and for the very little that the Earl's promise has to do with the whole thing.

THE PRAISE OF PEDIGREES.*

THE different ranks of society have in turn been the favourite range of novelists. Some prefer high life, others low. Satirists have quizzed the follies of the great or laughed at the vices of the poor; more cheery writers have made us at home on the forecastle or in the mess-room, or have even drawn food for mirth from the dead-alive dulness of a cathedral town. Sir Bernard Burke, however, has been cleverer than any of these, for he has filled volume after volume with the least possible amount of trouble to himself, by simply ringing the changes on the old well-worn parable of Fortune's whirling wheel, which has for ages given a theme to the pencil of the painter and to the pen of the poet:—

Qual uomo è in su la rota per ventura,
Non si rallegrì, perchè sia innalzato;
Che quando più si mostra chiara, e pura,
Allor si gira, ed hallo disbassato.

So sang the bard of Lucca some six centuries ago, and the same refrain may still be sung with equal truth through each of the several layers into which poor humanity divides itself, and which taken together go to the making of society in the true sense of the word. To the Ulster King of Arms, however, this truth has not yet been brought home. To him society means the upper crust alone, and he stands afraid, with much amazement, to find that this very upper crust itself is subject to the whims and freaks of fortune. In former volumes he has mourned over the hard fate of those who once were part of that happy upper crust and are now lost in the chaos beneath. In the present one he undertakes the more congenial task of trumpeting the praises of those who still have the good luck to be uppermost. Still this task, delightful as it may be, cannot be made to cover more than sixty-four pages out of the three hundred and sixty-four which he has set as his limit, and he is fain to make up the remaining three hundred with padding in the shape of other "Essays and Stories."

In this his first chapter, however, Sir Bernard Burke makes the most of his space; for, acting up to the Irish axiom that every man is not only as good as another, but a great deal better too, he does his best to prove, first, that our titled nobility are the oldest families in the world; next, that our landed gentry without titles are still older; and, lastly, that nothing can excel the wisdom and talents of peers who have long mouldy pedigrees, except the countless virtues of the fortunate mushrooms who have lately been exalted to a place beside them. Were this self-constituted advocate of the claims of our nobles to consideration on the score of long descent any other than Sir Bernard Burke, we should pity him for having undertaken so very weak a case; but to a Herald all things in the way of pedigree-patching are possible. Certain it is that, as long as men nourish the fond belief that there is any truth in Heralds' pedigrees, the supply of that article, meted out by the yard according to demand, will not be wanting. Should the day ever come when Darwin's hard theory is universally accepted, we doubt not that the Heralds will be as great adepts at fishing up for their clients some oyster or limpet forefather as they now are in fathoming them upon some shadowy follower of Norman William, which is all that their art at present aspires to.

In no other country in the world, unless it be America, is there so much innate funkeyism displayed in the worshipping of mere rank as in England. On what grounds our nobility can lay claim to this reverence it would be hard to say. It cannot be from length of descent; for though Sir Bernard Burke tells us that "the best blood in Europe and the most historic illustration belong to the noblesse of this Empire," it is an unanswerable fact that, whereas in our island the oldest family-tree has its root in the eleventh century, on the Continent the same plant may be, and sometimes is, full two centuries older. As for the "historic illustration," we are somewhat at a loss to know what the phrase may mean. If it has any meaning at all,

that meaning surely is that the forefathers of the men who now make the House of Lords have in former days cut a fine figure in the national history. This is no doubt a very fine theory for those who are content to do nothing themselves and to borrow a reputation from the deeds of those who have gone before them; but in this case it is utterly groundless. The present House of Lords cannot show a single male descendant of the barons who met on Runnymede or of those who shed their blood in the Hundred Years' War. The ever-recurring revival and adoption of titles and surnames lead to a great deal of confusion on this point. People forget that the present bearers of these titles can lay no claim to the honour of descent from the worthies of feudal England, unless indeed it may be on the spindle side. Sir Bernard Burke himself tells us in another of his books that "all the English dukedoms down to the beginning of Charles II. are gone, except Norfolk and Somerset and Cornwall," and that "Winchester and Worcester are the only marquessates older than George III." Since he made that frank confession he has repented, and in the present volume does his best to atone for having let the cat out of the bag so indiscreetly. The peroration to his first essay is a quotation from Archdeacon Nares:—

So long as the English nobility and gentry pass the greater part of their time in the quiet and purity of the country, surrounded by the monuments of their illustrious ancestors, surrounded by everything that can inspire generous pride, noble emulation, and amiable and magnanimous sentiment, so long they are safe, and in them the nation may repose its interests and its honour.

Surely neither the Archdeacon nor Sir Bernard Burke could be in earnest, the one when he wrote such twaddle, the other when he quoted it. The theory that any man can fit himself for governing the living by staring at the effigies of the dead reminds us of the German legend of the "Castle of Fools." This castle was held by a singular tenure, which compelled each new heir on coming into possession to write the record of his own follies and read those of the follies of all who had gone before him, which were all duly deposited and preserved in the family archives. But, far from acting as the wholesome check which was intended, it almost seemed as if this queer provision of the first founder had tainted with a strange madness the spirit of his descendants. Each succeeding one seemed only bent on outdoing the others in the madness of his freaks and follies. Something of the same results, we fancy, would inevitably be shown forth in any family that was content to vegetate in the family seat, contemplating the tombstones of its race. Foolish enough, in all conscience, family pride does make our countrymen, but we hope there is no class of Englishmen yet sunk to this last and most hopeless stage of imbecility. If the bearers of ancient names would but keep in mind that "a long series of ancestors shows the native with great advantage at the first, but if he any way degenerates from his line the least spot is visible on ermine"; and if, instead of hugging themselves in the conceit of their own grandeur, they would lay it aside and pass a year or two of their early manhood *auf die Wanderschaft*, it is not impossible that they might yet add some lustre to their ancient names, instead of expecting the reflected light of their forerunners to tint them with its afterglow. Belief in pedigrees is unfortunately one of the most lasting delusions of human nature. But

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

The eyes therefore of the worshippers of rank and title are holden so that they cannot see that the first founder of a great race, however low his birth may have been, is presumably the greatest of that race.

We must now turn to the "other Essays and Stories." The first of these starts with the question, Who was Pamela? This question, about which we cannot imagine any rational person having a moment's doubt, takes Sir Bernard Burke a score of pages to answer. Perhaps he may not think it beneath his notice to tell in his next edition how this same Pamela became Lady Edward Fitzgerald, with a cap of Liberty on her head instead of a bridal veil, a daring defiance of public opinion which greatly scandalized some of her compatriots then refugees in England. We do not see why any one in the present day should care to know who Pamela was; but doubtless her connexion with Ireland gives her an interest in the eyes of the Ulster King of Arms which the public at large cannot be expected to feel. Indeed, "Ulster" seems to share very largely the prejudice of his fellow-countrymen, that no good thing is to be looked for out of Ireland. He does not perhaps let this feeling carry him so far as the Irish girl who on her first visit to the Opera declared it to be far inferior to the play she had once seen in Galway, and who begged her mother to let the pedigree tracing the family descent from the kings of Breffny lie on the drawing-room table. Still, the cry of "Justice for Ireland" rings through the pages of the book, and "Ulster" cannot forbear to remind the Saxons that the tale of their ancestors is a mere idle dream when compared with the endless chain of which every O and Mac on either side of the Channel can boast. He has clearly a hankering for the good old days when Malachy wore the collar of gold, and when the said Os and Macs reigned supreme. We suspect, however, that the better part of the population of Ireland, instead of re-echoing a wish for the return of the palmy days, would be more inclined to join in the pious ejaculation inscribed over one of the ports of Galway—"From the fury of the O'Flahertys, good Lord deliver us." We should hardly expect to find so ardent a champion of the native Irish chronicling the glories and the follies of the Viceregal Court, but

* *The Rise of Great Families; other Essays and Stories.* By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

we find that one of the "other Essays" is set apart for this special service. Next on the list comes the "Perplexities of Precedence," and we turn to it with a gleam of hope that here at least "Ulster" may have done good service to humanity by dispersing the misty ideas as to the exact dignities and titles due to younger sons and their offspring which obscure the minds of the vulgar. Our hopes are, however, disappointed. Sir Bernard Burke would have the etiquette of precedence made even more perplexing than it is. He joins the cry for the rights of women, and laments that the wives of all officials do not share the rank and place of their husbands in the Church or in the State. In fact, he tells us—

The truth is, the times have outstripped the old Precedence Code. That which was applicable to the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, is somewhat out of date in the reign of Queen Victoria. The remedy is at hand. The three Kings of Arms, *Garter*, *Lyon*, and *Ulster*, should be required to examine the Statutes, Ordinances, and Regulations of Precedence in this country, to consider the best means of rendering the law suitable to the exigencies of the present age, and to draw up conjointly such a report as might embody all points of interest, and place the whole bearings of the subject clearly before the Crown. A Royal Warrant, or, if need be, an Act of Parliament, might then be obtained, to settle authoritatively a very "vexata questio," and to remove all perplexities, inconsistencies, and anomalies from the Law of Precedence.

Surely the remedy here proposed would be worse than the evil for which it is prescribed; for in the very same essay "Ulster" dwells at great length on the fury of a feud which raged between himself and his brother Lyon on the question of the right of precedence between Edinburgh and Glasgow. If the hawks did thus, in spite of the proverb, peck out each other's eyes about so small a thing, how could they be expected to see clearly into the sifting of so weighty a matter as the Laws of Precedence?

However well "Ulster" may be posted up in the traditions of his own Scotia, he is very much in the dark as to the history of the Scots of Britain; for he talks of the Douglases as originally settling in Moray, and would have us believe that "the important families of Campbell and Graham were always Caledonian, and therefore the Dukes of Argyll and Montrose are chiefs of clans which existed in the days of the Romans." Every one who has read any Scottish history at all must know that the Campbells are not Celtic at all; the founder of the family being one of the stray knights, who made his fortune by taking part with Bruce, and marrying one of his sisters. They have gradually absorbed or turned out half the old Celtic clans of the West, and, after the manner of conquerors, take to themselves the praise of those they have conquered.

Sir Bernard Burke tells us that "the early annals of Scotland are made up of family disputes." We can only wish that he had added to this statement a list of the said annals, with information as to the hiding-place in which they have hitherto been lurking. The greatest difficulty in the history of that troublesome country has hitherto been that it can show no early annals of any kind, a few barren lists of unknown kings only excepted. On looking further, however, we find that Sir Bernard Burke's notion of the meaning of the word "early" must differ somewhat from our own, as all that he has drawn from the said annals is the mythical tale of the clan battle on the North Inch, to be found at length in the fabulous historians. All that can be said with certainty on the subject of this curious fray is to be found in the quaint words of the Prior of Lochleven, who tells as shortly as possible how the wild Highlanders fought and fell, adding the very natural comment that it was a "selcouth thing," though what they killed each other for he seems not even to have tried to make out. As to the names of the respective combatants which modern ingenuity has twisted into Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan, no clan now existing has as yet succeeded in making good its claim to either.

There is but one amusing anecdote in the whole book. We give it as it stands:—

"Sir John Schaw, of Greenock, a Whig, lost a hawk, supposed to have been shot by Bruce of Clackmannan, a Jacobite. In Sir John's absence, Lady Greenock sent to Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on Mr. Bruce's signing a very strongly-worded apology. His reply was:—

"For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Schaw, of Greenock:—
"MADAM,—I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your Ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Schaw, and your Ladyship.

"I am, Madam,
"Your Ladyship's devoted servant to command,
"CLACKMANAN."

We note with sorrow that even "Ulster" himself is clearly uncertain in the matter of titles, if he presents the wife of Sir John Schaw to us as Lady Greenock.

We cannot lay down the book without quoting the prophetic note with which one of the essays begins:—"A history of the feuds of great houses would fill volumes." No doubt then Sir Bernard Burke intends that the volumes shall be filled, and, having worn the Vicissitudes of Great Families threadbare, he now means to make capital out of their feuds. It does not seem to occur to him that great families may be quite as sensitive as small ones to the unpleasantness of having their family affairs and failings probed and laid bare to the public. For our own part, we should be much tempted to quote for the benefit of all such inquirers into the history of their neighbours the witty answer of the elder Dumas, who, being too closely pressed about his ancestors, got rid of his tormentor with the reply, "My grandfather, sir, was a baboon; thus you see that my pedigree began where yours ends."

BRYCE ON THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.*

BOOKS have, and occasionally deserve, their fates. That of Professor Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, which now lies before us in a fourth edition, has been to develop from a University Prize Essay of rare promise into an historical and political treatise of permanent value. A German translation has been published of the enlarged work—no slight tribute of recognition on the part of a literary world peculiarly jealous of what it regards as its own domain. And while English historical scholarship has just reason to be proud of the signal proof furnished by Mr. Bryce's book of its vitality, English political life would be benefited by the infusion into it of such elements of insight and grasp as it reveals on the part of its author. The systematic study of a comprehensive subject by the light of political observation as well as of historical learning trains the student, as it were unconsciously, into fitness for other than literary tasks. It is by such a process, which is not one of everyday experience, that the schools and public life should come into vital contact with one another. Neither the sole nor the main end of historical study is to produce political capacity; the riper student alone is able to judge of the bent of his own genius; and the systematic study of history in itself involves so severe an apprenticeship that it only gradually reveals its secondary uses to those who devote their minds to it. We smile at the ardour of a new Professor of History when, with the candid ambition characteristic of an inaugural address, he proposes to train up at his feet a generation of political leaders; for we know that time can be trusted to apprise all concerned of the occasional inadequacy of the means to the end. But when we observe how a sustained effort finally produces something like mastery over a field of inquiry extending from the foundations of mediæval political life to some of the chief political questions of our own day, we are ready to admit that the fulfilment of promise of one kind may itself be promise of another.

It is by no means only the supplementary chapter on the New German Empire, forming the distinctive feature of the new edition of Mr. Bryce's book, which has suggested the above remarks, though it is to it that they more especially apply. The events of which this chapter treats, and on which it furnishes a brief but instructive comment, are chiefly of our own generation, and in part only of yesterday. Their occurrence has been accompanied, *more nostro*, by a free expression of opinion on the part of Englishmen; nor has a general kindly sympathy been wanting on our part towards the advance of Germany to political unity and greatness. This sympathy has, however, to a great extent sprung from the admiration evoked by mighty achievements, and it has frequently failed to appreciate and accompany the less immediately momentous epochs of German national progress. And it must be conceded that the spirit in which the responsible directors of English foreign policy have met the successive changes which our generation has witnessed in German political life has by no means been characterized by that intelligence which springs from knowledge. We need not carry the moral further back, though it would be easy enough to do so. For at the Congress of Vienna the influence of Great Britain was steadily employed to perpetuate the main political difficulties of Germany at home and abroad. Everything was then done which could be done to depress and break up the power of Prussia, and to leave Germany with a weak frontier in the West. But, to come to more recent times, how blind have British statesmen proved to the significance of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty in all its stages, how childishly was it always waved aside as an unintelligible chaos of perplexities, and how wantonly was the necessity overlooked of helping to satisfy just demands, if only in order to avert the ultimate consequences of thwarting them! Mr. Bryce, who has treated this subject correctly and clearly (only omitting to emphasize, in its bearing upon the question of the succession in both duchies, the significance of the capitulation of 1460), has given English statesmen credit for an earnest intelligence at the eleventh hour which we fear it would be difficult to substantiate. He says in a note:—

The inaction of England was attributed on the Continent partly to the personal influence of the Sovereign, partly to the supposed prevalence of "peace at any price" doctrines. But it really was in the main due to the fact that English statesmen found, when they looked into the matter, that the Danes were substantially in the wrong, though no doubt the hesitation of France, without whose aid it would have been folly to stir, had something to do with the matter.

The impression that any English statesman of mark had arrived at the conclusion indicated was certainly not left upon the minds of those who attended the debate of the year 1864 in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston, who closed it, was specially careful to confine the substance of his remarks to topics as far away as possible from the particular question. Future generations are likely to read this whole passage in our political life as one of unsolved doubts and difficulties, affected by a prejudice in favour of the weaker side. On the other hand, it is certain (for Lord Russell in his prompt candour has already published the fact to the world) that the Ministry were divided in their views, and that it was the unwillingness of France, rather than a prevalence of opinion in favour of Germany, which produced the decision for peace.

Again, how little alive was our foreign policy to the real

* *The Holy Roman Empire*. By James Bryce, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. Fourth Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

significance of the projects of reform which occupied the barren period—as it seemed—between the reaction of Olmutz and Dresden and the outbreak of war with Denmark! To smile upon the Austrian attempt at contriving a revised constitution of the Empire, to which Prussia would have nothing to say, was perhaps a venial error; but how little our statesmen realized what to every German friend of progress had become an article of faith, that in the Prussian hegemony alone lay a fair prospect of a real national unity. They had so accustomed themselves to consider slowness the note of German politics, that they were unaware how the German nation had taken to heart the lesson of the failures of 1848-9. Once more, how imperfectly had those watched the historical growth of German national feeling who believed that it would have been possible for Bismarck to conclude peace with France in 1870 on any terms but the surrender of her two German provinces. In none of these cases does it necessarily follow that British policy should have been in consonance with German national feeling; but the want of knowledge sufficient to produce an appreciation of this feeling has been a grievous defect of our policy in German questions, and is the real cause of the coldness which undoubtedly at the present moment makes itself perceptible on the part of the Germans towards ourselves.

It is therefore of the highest importance that those who watch political movements should be thoroughly able to account to themselves for the historical growth of currents of national feeling which are real motive forces in politics. Mr. Bryce has shown very clearly how the motive force which has more than any other contributed to the great changes now accomplished, or in course of accomplishment, in Germany is essentially an historical sentiment. It would, however, be an error to mistake the historical sentiment in question—namely, an irrepressible desire for the recovery of national unity, and of national greatness through unity—for a mere romantic attachment to conceptions long dead and buried. The Holy Roman Empire, whose origin and decay Mr. Bryce has so lucidly described, has long been regarded as a mere phantasm of the past, except here and there by some harmless dreamer of an antiquarian turn of mind. The New German Empire is the inheritor neither of the ideas nor of the forms of its Imperial predecessor. It is the ancient German Kingdom from which so much strength went out to the Empire, while in return it received from the latter no accession beyond that of a higher dignity and a more ambitious moral significance, and not the Holy Roman Empire itself, or any semblance of it, which was revived at Versailles. For ourselves, we should be disposed to insist even more emphatically than Mr. Bryce might perhaps approve on the fact that all but everything which was real in the old Empire was Germanic and royal, and that all but everything which was unreal was Imperial. But nothing could be clearer than the historical descent which Mr. Bryce traces out for the Emperor William and his successors. From the old Empire the new has taken nothing of importance but the title of its head—and even this with a significant modification. The cool good sense which prompted this abstinence was, however, in complete accordance with historical propriety. A Roman Emperor crowned at Frankfort in the year 1870 would have been not only a pretentious anachronism, but a mischievous fiction. A German Emperor receiving his new dignity from the princes of Germany, when at their head in command of a national army, is an historical truth in everything but name. For if it had been necessary to satisfy historical purism, and possible to treat the susceptibilities of the princes with contempt, the title of William of Prussia would have been that which Henry the Fowler wore, the sufficient title of German King.

The Imperial name, then, is nothing more than the symbol of national unity, and this it is to which Germany has primarily and above all aspired, ever since the great War of Liberation in 1813 once more taught her people to know and respect itself. The desire for popular liberty, more especially under the forms of modern constitutional government, has generally, but not at all times, gone hand in hand with the struggle for unity. It has not always been secondary to the latter; indeed, there have been periods—before 1848 more particularly in the South, and since that time in Prussia itself—when it has seemed to be uppermost in the popular mind. But before 1848 the party of progress was hampered, not only by the traditional opposition of governments and classes, but also by the indifference with which a large proportion of the population had accustomed itself to regard questions as to form of government. The ultimate result of the revolutions of 1848-9, and the strange issue of the Prussian constitutional struggle of 1862, has been to weaken rather than to fortify the party of constitutional progress. The *Reichsverfassung* of 1849, an admirably logical and complete constitution for a democratic monarchy, has been left in its pigeon-hole by the authors of the Constitutions of the North-German Confederation and the new Empire. In Prussia, in particular, after the party of progress had not only been openly defied by Bismarck, but had been obliged to see his unconstitutional policy approve itself under the light of later events, that party has been virtually extinguished. After the immense achievements of the last few years, the so-called National-Liberal party, which may be said at the present moment to comprise the vast majority of Prussian politicians, shows few signs of an intention to resume the endeavours of the old party of progress. Ministers remain responsible, not to the Parliament, but to the King; the right of initiating laws continues denied to private members; the Budget can still only be rejected *en bloc*, in which case the Government may fall back on last year's estimate of expenditure. But

what is more, the Liberal majority has proved willing that the Government should conduct a campaign against Rome on its own responsibility, and is ready to accept its policy, in this respect also, on general grounds, without requiring it to substantiate its assertion of the existence of exceptional reasons justifying an exceptional course of action. The struggle with Rome has been in a sense carried on in the dark; and the prevailing current of public opinion has been willing that it should be so.

These and other phenomena of the same kind are acquiesced in by Germans of liberal minds, partly because they attach no transcendent importance to what we regard as principles of constitutional liberty, partly and chiefly because they are contented to wait and to achieve unity before all. Much remains to be done even in this direction; and so far from the work having been accomplished, problems which require the study of statesmen historically as well as politically trained must in all human probability be solved under the eyes of this or the next generation. In the first place, German Austria remains outside the Empire—an unnatural arrangement, as untrue to the spirit of German history as any violent disruption perpetrated by Napoleon I. Again, the terms on which Bavaria and Wurtemberg have been admitted into the Empire must prove to be of an essentially temporary character. In general, it is as yet an open question whether the Legislatures of the several States will continue to be maintained by the side of the Reichstag, or whether the latter will be remodelled into an all-sufficient Imperial Parliament. Minor changes in the direction of unity, such as the abolition of the useless and possibly dangerous right of the separate States to receive and send diplomatic representatives, are only a question of time.

Our object has been to show how emphatically a broad historical treatment, such as Mr. Bryce applies to the great changes of recent occurrence in Germany, is necessary in dealing with transactions so distinctly influenced by a nation's consciousness of its past. The material forces which contribute to bring about ultimate results will not be neglected by the observer who takes moral forces into account as well. Mr. Bryce, we are glad to note, shows a healthy contempt for that school of writers who provide great nations and great men with "missions" devised *ex post facto*. Far too much, he truly points out, has been said of Prussia's mission, as present to the eyes of her rulers throughout the course of her history. He might have illustrated this common-sense view even more fully than he has cared to do. How was it, *e.g.* that the Great Elector, who had the mission so distinctly in his mind's eye, divided his territories before his death, and broke up, as far as in him lay, the Power which was to identify itself with Germany? Mr. Bryce has not scrupled to say, and we believe with perfect truth:—

Neither in the words or acts of Prussia's great Frederick (nor indeed in those of his predecessors) is there a trace of what may be called Pan-Teutonic patriotism, of any enthusiasm for the greatness and happiness of Germany as a whole. His purpose is to build up a strong and well-administered Prussian kingdom; for his German neighbours he has no more regard than for Frenchmen or Swedes; for the German language and literature little but contempt. The policy of his three successors was distinctly Prussian rather than German; and the romantic Frederick William IV. disappointed the hopes of the nation almost as grievously in 1849 as Frederick William III. had done thirty-five years before. No European Court has been more consistently practical than that of Berlin; nor any apparently less conscious of a magnificent national vocation. Her rulers have eschewed sentimental considerations themselves, and have seldom tried to awaken them in the minds of the people, or to turn them to account where they existed. When their interests coincided with those of Germany at large, it was well; but they were not accustomed to proclaim themselves her champions, or the apostles of her national regeneration. Nevertheless it had for a long time been evident that, if a political regeneration was to be brought about by force, it was from Prussia alone of the existing principalities that anything could be hoped, since she alone united the character, the tradition, and the material power that were needed to lead the country.

It is not with unmixed feelings that we peruse in Mr. Bryce's admirably lucid summary the story of the disappointment of the hopes of German political reformers, and of their sudden fulfilment by means of blood and iron. The bitterness of heart in which a tried champion of progress such as Gervinus died, and in which some equally true of heart continue to live, is intelligible enough; and it is only the shallow-minded who will condemn such Irreconcilables as these. But it is not the less true that the nation as a whole has risen with ready promptitude to the last opportunity which presented itself for a realization of its hopes; and that this opportunity was the tenure of power in Prussia by Bismarck. Resolved to overthrow the predominance of Austria, he put a virtual end to the dualism of Germany; the splendid success of the French war crowned the effort; and whatever future may be in store for the Empire, its basis is not likely to be moved or changed. Mr. Bryce may have to add more pages to his book; but the additions will probably admit of being included in the framework of his supplementary chapter. The new German Empire is not the passing creation of an hour of victory; it is an historical growth deeply rooted in the national soil, and on that soil and self-determined its future will unfold itself.

EARLY VENETIAN MISSIONS TO PERSIA.*

TOWARDS the latter half of the fifteenth century the course of public events had tended to bring into especial nearness both

* *A Narrative of Italian Travels in Persia in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.* Edited by Lord Stanley of Alderley and Charles Grey, Esq. London: for the Hakluyt Society. 1873.

the political and the commercial relations between the ruling power of Persia and the Republic of Venice. A common or intermediate danger threatened the Powers of the East and West. The Ottoman Power, which had crumbled into dust the rule of the Byzantine Caesars, seemed to endanger at once the independence of Christendom and the rising Musulman Empire on its eastern border. A new dynasty had lately been established upon the ancient throne of Persia. The nominal reign of the descendants of Timour had passed away. The strife between the rival Turkoman tribes of the Kara Koinlu and the Ak-Koinlu, the black and white sheep, the former of whom had kept the throne from the year 1420, had ended with the defeat and death of Jehan Shah in 1468 by Uzun Hassan, chief of the Ak-Koinlus, who now became master of Persia, the last prince of the house of Timour, Sultan Abousseyd, soon falling before his conquering arms. The dynasty founded by Uzun Hassan was the Bayenderee. His family had been established at Diarbekr since the time of Timour, who had made them grants of land in Armenia and Mesopotamia. This able and energetic chief had already been in collision with the Turks, in the interest of Calo Johannes, of the noble house of the Comneni, brother of David, the last of the Christian Emperors of Trebizond, whose daughter Despina he had married, whilst still Prince of Diarbekr, before he had gained the Persian throne.

Despairing of making head singly, or even with the united Powers of Europe, against the common foe, notwithstanding the relief of Belgrade, the great Republic with far-seeing policy turned its eyes towards the East, in hopes of enlisting the arms and the influence of the hitherto almost invincible chieftain against his hereditary enemy. An embassy to Uzun Hassan was resolved on—no easy task, as the gauntlet of the Turkish power had to be run. The post offered by the Senate having been refused by Francesco Michele and Giacomo da Mezo, a fitting envoy was found in Caterino Zeno, a merchant prince of courage and ability, who is called nephew to Queen Despina, having married Violante, one of the four daughters of Nicolo Crespo, Duke of the Archipelago, whose wife was Despina's sister. The son of Dragon Zeno, who had died at Damascus, having penetrated as far as Bussorah, Mecca, and Persia, Caterino had some acquaintance with the East. A few enterprising men, tempted by the high pay of the Senate, went with him, and he was commissioned to offer Uzun Hassan a hundred armed galleys, with other ships, great and small, to fall upon the Turks from the sea, if he would not fail to press them with all his force by land. Leaving Venice June 6, 1471, Zeno passing through Caramania reached Persia with difficulty, and was received with the utmost rejoicing and honour, being even admitted to a personal intimacy with the Queen, through whose influence it mainly was that the Persian monarch was induced to enter upon the war which ended so disastrously for him. Uzun Hassan with his own hand wrote to the King of Georgia orders to begin the war in that quarter. Meanwhile the Prince of Caramania, having, for the offence of giving a passage to Zeno, been dispossessed by Mahomet II., had taken refuge at the Persian Court, and urged on the war. No news arriving of the promised preparations of Venice, Uzun began to mistrust the Republic, and had thoughts of leading his fine army against some Tartar chiefs, his enemies. The Senate had however in the interim sent another ambassador, Giosafa Barbaro, with a present of six immense siege guns, arquebuses, and numerous field-pieces, with powder and other munitions of war, and over a hundred men skilled in artillery. At the same time a captain-general was sent with a great fleet to the coast of Caramania, which recaptured the castles of the dispossessed prince and restored them to his generals.

The earliest campaign by land is of doubtful import, Knolles claiming as a Persian victory the engagement with Mustafa, Mahomet's son, and Amurath, near Boorra, in the autumn of 1472. Not so the next great encounter in the spring of the following year; for although, according to Zeno's report, ten thousand Persians fell and fourteen thousand Turks, the defeat of Uzun Hassan at Tabrada was complete. Greatly discouraged, he dismissed, says the same writer, the Polish and Hungarian ambassadors, that they might not witness his misery, and despatched Zeno himself with urgent letters to all the kings of Europe. Casimir IV. of Poland, engaged as he was at this time in the thick of his Hungarian campaign, was moved by the envoy's appeal to the extent of ratifying peace within a few days; the like success attending his mission to Matthias Corvinus, by whom Zeno was dubbed knight with many honours at Buda, April 20, 1474.

The Venetian Senate in the meantime, hearing that Barbaro had not yet reached Persia, despatched on the 13th of February Ambrosio Contarini, who found Barbaro newly arrived at Ispahan, and well received, but was not so favourably welcomed himself, the Shah finding the Venetian promises more profuse than their deeds. He was dismissed with general declarations of being willing to resume war at some future time; and on his refusing to accept that conclusion to his mission, was compelled to leave by force, together with the envoy of the Duke of Burgundy. Nothing, indeed, came of the lofty protestations of the European Powers beyond the barren exploits of the fleet on the Black Sea coast. There Barbaro had lingered two whole years, only proceeding on his errand to the Persian Court in the spring of 1473, and then taking nearly a year to get there. He was welcomed favourably by the Shah, who was still at the height of his grandeur, having just received tribute from certain Indian chiefs. The revolt of his favourite son Ungher

Mahomet, and his defection to the Turks, with his tragical end, broke the old hero's spirit. He died without any exploit of further consequence, January 5, 1478.

The reports of their respective missions by the Venetian envoys were accessible to Ramusio, and were worked up by him into his collection, with the exception of that of Caterino Zeno, which he states he could never get hold of, but was able indirectly to prepare his narrative from the official letters of Zeno. Though they would seem to have been made use of in Ramusio's pages by Knolles, Malcolm, and other writers upon the history of Turkey and Persia, these reports have not hitherto been available in an independent form or in English. The Council of the Hakluyt Society have done well in bringing them out in a connected series as one of their volumes for the present year. The narratives of Giosafa or Josapha Barbaro, and Ambrosio Contarini, prepared for the press by Lord Stanley of Alderley, are supplemented by that of Caterino Zeno and three others, under the hands of Mr. Charles Grey, which amplify and carry on the history of Persia to a half-century or so later. One of these is the *Short Narrative of the Life and Acts of the King Ussun Cassan*, by Giovan Maria Angiolo; the second is *The Travels of a Merchant in Persia*, whose name there are no means of ascertaining; and the third is the *Narrative of the Most Noble Vincentio d'Alessandri*, ambassador from Venice to the Court of Tamasp, then in the last year of his long reign of fifty-one years. The whole six narratives make up something like a connected chapter of history, giving many particulars of Persian politics, the private life of the Shahs, and the relations between them and the leading Powers of the West. Precedence in order has been given to Josapha Barbaro, who has introduced his earlier journey into the Crimea, Circassia, and Georgia in the year 1436, giving many curious particulars of his experience of Tartar life. He burrows into the great tumulus of Gulbedin, in the vain hope of treasure. He is shown by the King, among other wonderful jewels, a ruby like a chestnut, an ounce and a half in weight, not bored through, but set in a circlet of gold; also a cameo the breadth of a groat, with a woman's head wearing a garland. "Is not this Mary?" asked the King. Barbaro thought not, but one of the ancient goddesses, worshipped by the idolaters before the coming of Christ. The mixing hops with wine made of honey, which became very stupefying, struck him as singular, as did the perpetual moving of the Tartar hordes in caravans, which reminded him of the "Egyptians"—one of the earliest occasions of the gipsies being mentioned. He is minute in his description of the system of irrigation employed in Persia, the water being conveyed under ground three or four days' journey from the river whence the supply is drawn. The scarcity of trees was as marked then as now in the territory of the Shah, the rainfall being excessively scanty, and the only fruit-trees to be seen depending upon the artificial water supply. The comparative lack of timber, however, was the cause of careful and admirable carpentry. The city of Ispahan—Spahan or Spaan, as it is called in the Venetian reports—is described as being four miles in circuit, or ten including the suburbs, with multitudes of goodly houses. Barbaro's travels extended as far and wide as Yezd (or Jex) and Shiraz (Syras); his further account of the country and its people being compiled from native reports, added to his study of geographical writers, of whom he gives a list, from Pliny and Solinus to Polo, Nicolo Conte, and Maundeville, with others as recent as Pietro Quirini, Aluise da Mosta, and Ambrogio Contarini. The editor has, with excellent judgment, instead of a more recent version, given us Barbaro's story in the quaint old English of the learned Welshman, William Thomas, who had been Clerk of the Council to Edward VI., and became known by more than one work upon Italian history and literature; and who left, among other MSS., *Le Pelegryne*, a defence of Henry VIII. against Aretino. He was hanged for treason May 18, 1553. Thomas's spelling of the names of places and persons is sufficiently puzzling to make the reader grateful for the foot-notes which explain that Citerchan means Astrakhan, or Hajy Terkhan; Cotathis, Koutais; Straua, Astrabad; the "Assunbei" is Hassan Beg, chief of the Ak-Koinlu; and "Giansa" Jehan Shah. There are amusing archaisms in plenty, such as "doonye" (dunney) for stupidly drunk. "Pertiches" with "ryse podaige" at Tartar feasts are served to every man; which to them "are not deynteth"—i.e., are not much valued. At burial-places young and old men and women "sitt in plumpes," in crowds or clumps. "As far as" is expressed by "as ferrefoorth." On the Bendameer, besides a figure said to be Solomon, is a statue of a "boysterous" or robust man "whom they say is Sampson." It is not every reader who from "showing after xiith an horse mary," would gather that shoeing horses cost a shilling a set, or would know that "grises" were "steps," or that "well cowched," the equivalent of "erto" in the original, meant steep.

Angiolo and the unnamed Venetian merchant tell chiefly of the glories of Ismail Sofi, son of Sheikh Hyder, Uzun's son-in-law, by whom the fast declining power of the Ak-Koinlus was overthrown. In the short preface of Mr. Charles Grey, to whom the present translation is due, an outline is given of the events which preceded and marked his reign. Ismail, whose family traced their descent from Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, is known in Persian history as the head of the Kuzilbashes (from the red cap or fez introduced by them), as well as the founder of the Shee sect, which has ever since distinguished the Soomie or Persian branch of the Moslem from the Osmanli. The most marked events of his reign

were the great victory of Merv Shah Jehan over the Uzbegs under Sheibani Khan in 1514, and his defeat by Selim I. on the plains of Chaideran, near Khoi, which left Tauris at the mercy of the Turks. From Persian history Angiolello diverges into a full and animated account of Selim's expedition against Egypt, resulting in its conquest by Turkey and the deaths of the two last sultans, Khafur-el-Ghouri and Tomant Bey. It is strange that neither of these writers makes any reference to the successive sieges of Lepanto, or to the peace concluded with Venice in 1503, whereby the whole mainland of Greece was lost. There is a great gap between them and Vincentio d'Alessandri, who represented Venice at the Court of Tamasp, Ismail's son. This writer describes briefly the condition of the country and Court of Persia, and draws out its boundaries, which had been defined towards the West by the Tigris under the treaty with Turkey in 1555. The kingdoms comprised in the Shah's dominions are laid down as "Sunan (Shirvan), the ancient kingdom of the Medes, Aras, near Greater Armenia, Carassan (Khorassan), Chiessen (Yezd), Cheri (Herat), Diargomet (Damaghan), and Gilari (Ghilan)," the last named being in insurrection. Of his fifty-two cities the principal are "Tauris (Tabriz), metropolis of the whole kingdom, Carbin (Casbin), Curassan, Naesimen (Nakshivan), and Samachi (Schamachi)." Commerce, which had of late greatly declined, had been somewhat revived by the arrival, by way of Muscovy, in 1561, of Anthony Jenkinson, whom D'Alessandri oddly calls "Mr. Thomas of London," with a letter from Queen Elizabeth and a quantity of cloth. His death and the seizure of his goods left little encouragement to further enterprise towards that quarter of the East. Although inferior in interest to the travels of Varthema, and to many other narratives of adventure and discovery in the Society's series, these records of Italian travel and diplomacy in the East are striking and instructive enough to justify their selection by the Council, and to render them welcome to the subscribers and the public.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.*

TWO more volumes of what is still, for convenience, called the *Speaker's Commentary*, have appeared since our last notice of the work. Of the former of these, which includes the books of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and the First Book of Kings, we propose now to say a few words. The progress of this Commentary is extraordinarily slow. Lord Ossington has not only ceased to be Speaker, but he has paid the last debt of nature. Yet the work to which he gave the impulse, and which borrowed from him its name, has only reached the Book of Esther. We cannot account for this. For the task is subdivided among many labourers; and, to say the truth, no great pains seem to have been bestowed by some of the coadjutors on the undertaking. One of the contributors, at least, to the volume now before us can have done little more than elaborate for the printer the rough notes which he took for his own use when he first read the sacred text in the original. Does the delay point to the difficulty which the most versatile and accomplished of editors must necessarily face if he has to reconcile discordant views, and to adapt them to the timidity or the imperfect knowledge of a superintending committee of cautious dignitaries? At any rate, the result in respect of matter as well as of time is far from satisfactory. The Commentary will be a disappointment, we are sure, to many of its best well-wishers. Then, again, the price of the work is almost prohibitive to the class of readers for whom it was intended. The volumes, it is true, are beautifully printed; and the type is large enough for aged eyes. But we question the advantage of giving the text of the Bible in full, in an edition which was meant for wide diffusion. The cost might have been reduced by at least two-thirds if the notes and commentary had been printed in a separate form. And this was all that was really wanted; for every one possesses the authorized text, and could refer to a separate commentary when necessary.

The first thing that strikes us in examining the volume now before us in a critical point of view is the very scanty revision or amendment of the translation of 1611 that has been attempted. We do not know that this is much to be regretted. But it seems scarcely to answer to the magniloquent promise of the title-page. In the second place, we find in this volume the same flagrant defect on which we commented in our former notice. We mean the studied absence of any recognition of the cardinal truth that the highest sense and meaning of the Old Testament is to be found in its anticipation of, and preparation for, the Christian dispensation. Nothing can be colder or more jejune than the mere critical discussion of the Hebrew text, with disquisitions on the geographical or ethnological questions arising out of it, while the spiritual value of these ancient documents is practically almost ignored. For an occasional "improvement" of a subject—to borrow a word from the terminology of the pulpit—or a patronizing apology for the lower tone of morality that prevailed before the Gospel, cannot be said to satisfy the demands of Christian exegesis. By far the worst offender, in this respect, of the three scholars who are associated in this volume is Lord Arthur Hervey,

the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Take as an example this most inappropriate little homily on the angelic appearance to Manoah, in Judges xiii.:—

The just reasoning of Manoah's wife is exactly applicable to the resurrection of Christ, as affording the most solid ground of assured hope that the sacrifice of Christ is accepted as an atonement for the sins of the world. The coming of the Son of God to our earth, with all its accompaniment of teaching and miracle, is of itself a signal proof of God's "goodwill towards men"; and the "good tidings of great joy" concerning the "Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," may well soothe the alarm of the most troubled conscience.

Is not this feebleness itself? To give another example of our meaning. The same commentator, again, has not a single word to say about the *typical* character of Samson—one of the most profound and mysterious subjects in the ancient Scriptures—but is content with discussing in detail the minor incidents of his story. Here are specimens of these annotations:—"The transaction denotes loose notions of the sanctity of marriage among the Philistines"; and he superfluously observes further on, upon the last words of Samson, that they "do not breathe the spirit of the Gospel."

It must be very difficult, of course, for a superintending Editor to take care that his several contributors do not widely differ from one another. Mr. Cook has not always been successful. Thus Lord Arthur Hervey dilates on the extremely important point, as it seems to him, of the connexion of the Book of Ruth with that of Judges on the one hand, or Samuel on the other. Canon Rawlinson, on the contrary, with the strong good sense that characterizes all his share in this work, flatly contradicts his colleague. "There is no real continuity of narrative," he says, "between Judges and Ruth, or between Ruth and Samuel. A formal continuity by means of the *vau* connective is all that can be said to exist." It seems to us that the several writers engaged in this Commentary ought to have come to some previous understanding on so important a point as the authenticity of the numbers given in the received Hebrew text. Yet the Bishop of Bath and Wells has nothing more to say about the "forty and two thousand" Ephraimites slain at the passages of Jordan because they could not pronounce *Shibboleth* than this:—"A large number! But it includes the slain in battle and those killed at the fords. Perhaps, too, it is the whole number of the Ephraimite army." In some additional notes, however (which are perhaps the Editor's), it is admitted that there are serious errors in the statements that fifty thousand men died at Beth-shemesh for looking into the Ark, and that the Philistines brought no less than thirty thousand chariots into battle against Saul. Canon Rawlinson, on the other hand, in his excellent Introduction to the Two Books of Kings, honestly admits, and very sufficiently accounts for, the great errors that are to be found in the numbers of the Hebrew text, and consequently is not obliged to believe implicitly in the forty thousand horses of Solomon's stables, and the seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines of the harem of the same monarch. On the mystical numbers of Scripture—very difficult subject—the Commentary is silent. Mr. Rawlinson refers to them, though far too cursorily, in mentioning the seven thousand who had not bowed the knee unto Baal. It is, however, in connexion with what is called "the received chronology" that the question of the Hebrew numbers is of most importance. Upon this subject we find a very valuable and sound additional note on 1 Kings vi. 1, on the statement that the fourth year of Solomon was the 480th year from the Exodus. The conclusion arrived at is that this date is an interpolation into the text.

We notice another remarkable discrepancy in the present volume. The subject of what is called "grove-worship" is full of interest, and we turned to the Commentary for the latest information about it. There we found Lord Arthur Hervey declaring that the words "served Baalim and the groves," in Judges iii. 7, imply a wrong understanding of the word *asherah*. It ought to be, he says, served Baalim and an idol of Astarte. In other words, there is no grove-worship at all; and when Gideon is said to have cut down the grove at Ophrah, it means that he cut down a wooden image of Astarte. There are difficulties in this, as it seems to us. But then Canon Rawlinson, on 1 Kings xiv. 15, says, "The grove-worship, adopted from the Canaanitish nations, appears to have died away after the fierce onslaught which Gideon made upon it. It now revived and became one of the most popular of the idolatries both in Israel and Judah." And yet further on, describing Queen Maachah's "idol in a grove," Mr. Rawlinson bids us translate the words rather as "a horror for an *asherah*," i.e. a grotesque and hideous image of Astarte. And, still further on, Jezebel's four hundred "prophets of the groves" are said to be the priests of the *asherah* or grove which Ahab had made at Jezebel. We cannot quite reconcile these several comments.

Turning now to the particular writers of this volume of the Commentary, we find that the Book of Judges fell to the lot of Mr. Espin. This gentleman seems to us to have done his work with signal ability. He is not only a sound scholar, but a man evidently of judgment and knowledge of affairs. This comes out strongly, for example, in his discriminating remarks on the political aspects of the invasion of Canaan by the Israelitish hosts and the destruction of the nations of the land. The same intelligence is evident in his observations on the choice of Shiloh as the first political centre of the new commonwealth, and, still more notably, in his comment, on Joshua xxi., on the completeness *ex parte Dei* of the

* *The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version; with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church.* Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. Vol. II. London: John Murray. 1873.

accomplishment of the Divine promises to Israel in their acquisition of the Holy Land. Then, again, he is strong in physical and political geography, and his notes on these subjects throughout the Book of Joshua seem to us trustworthy and very instructive. Nor is he afraid to discuss, with moderation and sound judgment, the miracles that abound in this book, not excluding the one of Ahalon. And he can afford to laugh at the discordant geological guesses as to the authorship of Joshua by Ewald, Knobel, and Herderen.

Compared with Mr. Espin, the Bishop of Bath and Wells (who is responsible for Judges, Ruth, and Samuel in this volume) seems to us a far less trustworthy commentator. His notes are for the most part dull and tasteless, and singularly unappreciative. For instance, he scarcely seems alive to the exquisite poetry of the Song of Deborah, or of the Book of Ruth; and in general his view never goes beyond the bare letter of the text. Where he does see the beauty of the imagery, as in David's lament over Saul, he seems wholly to miss the political sagacity so conspicuous in that threnody. Unlike Mr. Espin, he generally ignores miracles, though in one place he seems to go out of his way to suggest a thunderstorm as a possible explanation of the water stricken from the rock of Horeb. Many of the Bishop's notes, as we said before, seem to be little more than the crude jottings down of his first reading. They are often provokingly useless. Imagine commenting on the impassioned outburst of the Song of Deborah—"Hear, O ye kings; give ear, O ye princes"—in these tame words:—"A moral lesson is addressed to the kings and princes of the earth"! Again, on the words "The Lord shall sell Sisera into the hands of a woman" our commentator gravely writes, "viz., Jael." On the words "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law," we are told "The kiss at meeting and parting is the customary friendly and respectful salutation in the East." Again, when Boaz says to Ruth "My daughter," we are instructed that it is "A kind phrase, indicating at the same time Boaz's mature age." When Eli addresses the fugitive from the rout of Eben-Ezer as "My son," the note tells us that it is "the paternal address of an old man and one in authority to a young one," and adds a half-score of references to the same expression in other parts of the Old Testament. It is, if possible, still more comical to have Egerton's words "Keep silence" explained thus—"or, in one word, hush! an intimation to his attendant that he wished to be left alone." We could multiply these examples by the score. What can be more profitless than referring to all the examples of the phrase "provoked the Lord to anger"? or, again, than telling his readers that "until thou come to" is a phrase "very frequent in geographical descriptions and might be paraphrased by 'the road'"? We noticed in one place at least (on Judges xiii. 16) one of those tedious diluted paraphrases which used to do duty, in earlier commentaries than this, for true explanations, but which are creditably rare in this series. When information is really wanted, it may be looked for, too often, in vain. Thus Gideon's "ephod" is not satisfactorily explained. Nor are we told what precisely to understand about the Personal Presence in 1 Samuel iii. 10. Nor is the "stump" of Dagon, when the idol was overthrown before the Ark, described as the fishy tail of that sea-god. Nor, in treating of divination and witchcraft, does the Bishop seem to know anything of Dr. Samuel Maitland's most learned discussion of these subjects. Again, the "prophesying" of Saul on more than one occasion is not explained, although unlearned persons are notoriously puzzled by this expression in the New Testament as well as the Old, from the erroneous idea that the word necessarily implies a prediction of future events. We think it doubtful whether the writer of the note on 1 Samuel xviii. 10 has any clear notion what the word there means. Canon Rawlinson, however, on 1 Kings xviii. 29, well explains the phrase as expressing "the utterance of words by persons in a state of religious ecstasy." After these animadversions it is a more pleasant task to point to instances of satisfactory interpretation. Such seem to us to be the Bishop's explanation of the "blind and the lame hated of David's soul" at the taking of Jebus; his description of Naioth in Ramah as the collegiate house of prophets established in that place by Samuel; his comment on the statement in 1 Sam. ii. 15 that Hophni and Phinehas "hearkened not" to the voice of Eli, "because the Lord would slay them"; and his observations on libations, suggested by the account of Gideon's sacrifice.

We defer to a future occasion some further remarks on Mr. Rawlinson's commentary on the First Book of Kings, which concludes the volume before us. They will come more conveniently in a notice of the third volume, which contains the Second Book of Kings, together with the Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, all annotated by the same competent and experienced scholar.

CROOKED PLACES.*

"I THINK we mostly read too fast," says one of Mr. Garrett's chief characters at the very close of his third volume. As the old lady who made this utterance was given to "crooning" hymns, and did not read novels, she was not, we maintain, a very

* *Crooked Places: a Family Chronicle.* By the Author of "Premiums Paid to Experience," "The Crust and the Cake," "The Occupations of a Retired Life," "Seen and Heard," &c., &c. 3 vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.

good judge. We, for our part, should have thought that people are given rather to writing too fast than to reading too fast what is written. It is but a very few months since we noticed Mr. Garrett's *Seen and Heard*, and here he is again with another novel in three volumes. When one single author compels his unfortunate critics to read six of his volumes in less than six months, he is as unreasonable surely in complaining of rapidity of reading as the governor of a gaol would be in complaining of the rapidity with which a convict got through his daily course on the treadmill or his daily picking of oakum. We read Mr. Garrett quickly for the same reason as we travel through a very flat country quickly, or would, if only it could be managed, listen to a dull sermon quickly. We have a high respect for Mr. Garrett's qualities as a moralist and a man. No one could be worse for reading Mr. Garrett's novels—unless perchance, like an impatient traveller who had got into Parliamentary train, he took to swearing. Many people indeed might be made much better if only they could be kept awake long enough to see how the good are rewarded and the bad are converted. They form an admirable series of reading for a serious family of evangelical and teetotal tendencies, and must tend to keep the spirits at that calm and even flow which is so often noticed in those who are habitual readers of tracts and drinkers of ginger-beer. If the celebrated Bank forgers had only sat at Mr. Garrett's feet, they would doubtless find that they still had a life of hard labour before them; but they would have its monotony relieved by tea-meetings, a pudding for supper, an occasional visit to the Zoological Gardens or to Epping Forest, and a cheerful Sabbath in the best room. If only they had come across Mr. Garrett's books, or Mr. Garrett's heroines, they might every Sunday be sitting, not in prison, but, like a converted dustman in the story before us, "with oiled hair on a back seat in Zion Chapel." Whether, by the way, the dustman oiled his hair symbolically, or out of regard to the requirements of society, we are not told. A certain unctuous appearance is doubtless given to a congregation by the fashion that generally exists of this Sunday oiling. Nevertheless, however pious an appearance the dustman presented at Zion Chapel, he must have found his oiled head grow unusually heavy as he followed his trade on the Monday. We are quite ready to admit that there are a great many worse stories written than Mr. Garrett's. They are not duller than the so-called sensational novels, and, unlike these novels, they are eminently fit for family reading. Though they are religious stories, as the name goes, they are not bigoted; and though Mr. Garrett clearly favours the Dissenting chapel, he allows that salvation may be found also in the Established Church. When his exemplary characters indeed have a backsiding, and no longer "find comfort in sermons," their case then, we notice, is sure to be beyond a vicar or a rector, and a Zion Chapel and an aged minister, like a *deus ex machina*, have to be brought in.

While we so readily allow that there is merit in Mr. Garrett, we regret that he has taken so much to heart the remarks which reviewers have made on his former works. As for ourselves, though we have laughed over his tediousness and the fine language in which he bestows it all on his readers, we have at the same time had the satisfaction of feeling that, while we amused ourselves, we did not hurt him. The carnal-minded readers of the *Saturday Review* care but little, we fear, for the Sunday oiled head of a dustman, and would as soon think of sitting with oiled hair in a back seat in Zion Chapel as of reading Mr. Garrett's novels. But there is always a chance, too, he should remember, that some miserable sinner who, like one of the greatest sinners of the story, keeps "always a clay-pipe on the mantel-shelves and likes to drink his ale, at all hours, out of a pewter-pot," may remain to pray where he has come to scoff, and, moved by some quotation we have given from one of Mr. Garrett's novels, may throw away his *Saturday Review* and hurry off with oiled hair to sit beside the dustman. Of him Mr. Garrett would be able to boast that, owing to his agency, he has, like another converted character in the story before us, "left off smoking in the best room, and put his pipe away altogether on Sundays." Mr. Garrett then should satisfy himself with the comfortable feeling that out of evil good may come, and that a Review that is published indeed on Saturday, but too often read on Sunday, may be made the means of saving a soul that "trades the slimy paths of sin." We are not far wrong, we think, in identifying the author with his hero George, who published a book called *Talks and Meditations*, and whose books, according to one of the characters, seem "written by some of the wise professors and poets whose works I used to read in my young days." Books so wise can surely stand a little laughter, and there is no need for the author to follow the advice which an enthusiastic admirer thus gives him:—

"If I was George, next time I wrote a book, I'd put on the title-page, that 'no one need trouble himself to review it, that didn't believe in God, read the Bible, live with one wife, and pay his debts.' Let wicked infidels get their living by reviewing wicked infidel books—and a precious poor living they'd get."

Mr. Garrett complains that reviewers "condemn the author's ignorance for a printer's typographical blunder," and, curiously enough, in this very paragraph we read of "the reviewer who professed" (*sic*). But for the chief errors which we find in Mr. Garrett's books he, and he alone, is answerable. We are glad to notice that in the book before us he is far freer from a use of fine words of which he does not understand the meaning than he has ever been before. If he makes equal progress in his next work or two

he will shortly be able to use with a considerable degree of certainty all words of Greek derivation, even if they are five syllables long. We should be curious to know, however, what he means by "bravado parallels," or by "a halo of trustful confidence that rose like an incense," or by "spiritual salt which became a savourless formula," or by "metaphysical gymnasium." We should be glad to know what is the meaning of the following question, which he coolly enough places in the mouth of his reader:—

Askest thou, what is the use of the secrecies and euphemisms behind which grow up only fair flowers of endurance and sacrifice?

Mr. Garrett should learn, moreover, greater caution in the use of the metaphor and the simile, of both of which he is very fond. In one passage he tells us that

some of the fairest points in a man's character might be but treacherous peat mosses, unfit to bear the tread of daily life and companionship.

In another passage he writes:—

Folks make excuses for the man who slips into the slough of his worst nature, but cannot endure him who struggles out of it so hardly, that he cannot sit gracefully on its edge!

At all events, if he will write such passages as these, he should give us some accompanying engraving, so as to bring the meaning more clearly before us. We should like to see the picture of a man who could sit gracefully on the edge of any slough, let alone a slough of his own worst nature. Mr. Garrett makes some curious errors in chronology, which can scarcely be set down to the printer. His hero George, when in his boyhood he takes to writing poems, has "set his boyish heart on buying a bound and ruled book wherein to copy his poetical efforts. These things," Mr. Garrett goes on to remark, "were not so cheap sixty years ago as they are now." Within a few pages of this paragraph he introduces the police cell and the temperance pledge; while a very few years later a local newspaper, the *Hackney Mercury*, has a whole chapter to itself. Much about the same date one of his characters says, "It is something like Robert Owen's theories. And yet they did (sic) not work well." Again, at a period which from the course of the story cannot be less than thirty years ago, we have the electric telegraph playing its part.

Mr. Garrett's plots are always very simple. He has studied Hogarth, and he gets together a sufficient number of good and bad apprentices. He is more moderate, however, in his distribution of rewards and punishments. He rewards the virtuous with "an old red house, with old brown rooms, and an old green garden," at Hackney or at Tottenham; while the wicked he either converts and allows to share in all the happiness of a house that has a best room, or else leaves them alive at the close of the third volume in the hope that they may yet be converted. He is strong on the inward and spiritual grace. He tells us how one of his characters, who was already to our mind a most virtuous and religious lady, "found her spiritual speech" when she lost her child, just as "science (sic) tells us that the dumb have sometimes articulated under the pressure of anxiety and alarm about their darlings." But he is scarcely less strong on the outward and visible sign. Sunday with him is a day when the best room is used, when converted dustmen oil their hair, when pipes are laid aside and the cost of the Sunday pipe is put into the Bible Society's box, and when gloves must be worn. "It takes a great struggle," he says, "for a delicately-bred lady to accept that it is her duty to God and man to go out barehanded, and store her one pair of gloves for Sunday wear." He likes to get his people from "a genteel chapel-of-ease"—a chapel-of-ease means, he doubtless thinks, a chapel where people worship at their ease—or to the back and cushionless seats where they will find "a more faithful and devout ministry." And then he leads them, through privations no doubt, and hardships, to all the bliss that a well-ordered suburban residence can afford. His sinners for a time live in "a splendid saloon," and, as they to all outward appearance prosper, make it "still more resplendent with satin and gilding"; but then they have "never reflected that even a marble palace, with all its beauty, is not a desirable residence, unless its foundations are sound and right." How very far from sound and right are the foundations of the marble palace in which the chief among his sinners, Fergus Laurie, lives, may be inferred from the following passage:—

But Fergus thought this calmness augured patience, and superbly took no notice, till one day he found that legal proceedings were commenced, and next, that that sort of domestic barricade was necessary, which so often begins among ormolu and choice wines, to be set up again and again till at last there is nothing behind it but a pawn-ticket and a corpse!

Such a knave as this Fergus the moralists of the last century would never have parted with till they had seen him fairly hanged. Mr. Garrett can scarcely make up his mind to leave him even unconverted. He evidently longs to call back this stray sheep into his suburban fold, and to let him enjoy to the full all the piety and all the peace which Zion Chapel and Hackney can give. But his story, he feels, must have some variety, and of converted sinners his readers may possibly have had enough. As it is, he gives us at least two who get not only converted, but also married, besides the pious dustman who, being already married, merely oils his hair. Fergus, therefore, cannot be allowed to repent, and so withstands his best friend, who beseeches him not to "defile the immortal with the mire of a stormy hour." Out of this Fergus Mr. Garrett gets some of his most impressive writing. In no passage is he more impressive than in the following, where he contrives to improve Shakspere and the young reader at the same time:—

Oh, Fergus,—poor Fergus, there is another chance in life for you yet! Young reader, fearful lest there be no bright possibilities in your own path, take this fact from one who has seen much. For one life that is dwarfed for want of "a chance," a thousand are ruined by the waste of scores of chances. Shakspere himself tells us of the tide in the affairs of men, and of the disastrous consequence of losing it. Is it presumption for me to add that the tide seldom fails to return again and again, only that the loss of it is likely to be repeated? If pride, or indolence, or anger, kept us prisoner ashore when the last flood of fortune came in, we may lament its ebb how we like, but unless we set about building our harbour, we shall be no better off next tide.

We would not part with Mr. Garrett in an unfriendly spirit. We find him dull, very dull, but then we are of that unconverted order of men who "find no comfort in sermons," and who never oil their hair on Sundays. The day may arrive when, in a peaceful retreat in Hackney or in Tottenham, we shall, with Mr. Garrett's converted sinners, have seen the error of our ways, and have laid aside our pewter-pot, and put our pipe out not only on Sundays, but also on week-days. When that time comes, we shall no doubt as eagerly read his writings as one of his heroes in his last story read Newton's *Cardiphonia*. Meanwhile we beg to assure all our readers that they can with a safe conscience recommend their friends and their children to read *Crooked Places*.

We have been requested to state that the accident to a goods train between Burton and Crewe, mentioned in the SATURDAY REVIEW of last week, occurred, not on the London and North-Western, but on the North Staffordshire, Railway. The London and North-Western Company have, we are informed, no wedge-motion engines.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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